

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1872.

The Week.

THE only noteworthy contribution to the literature of the campaign made during the week, has been a speech of Mr. C. F. Adams, jun., at Quincy, Mass., in which he, as one of the originators of the Cincinnati movement, explains why he was disappointed in it, what he intends to do under existing circumstances, and what he looks for as the result of the present muddle. The reasons of his disappointment have been so frequently set forth in these columns that we need not reproduce them. What is most important in Mr. Adams's address is his strong expression of the hope and belief, in both of which we share, that the Greeley movement is likely to make the way far plainer for real and honest reformers four years hence than it could possibly have been this year, even if the Cincinnati Convention had done what was expected of it. Perhaps the greatest obstacle in the way of any real change for the better in the matter of nominations was the avowed faith of most of the politicians that it was not only still possible to have a "hard-cider and log-cabin" campaign, and that it was possible to sing and cheer any picturesque old "champion" into the White House, without reference to his mind, manners, or antecedents, but that this was the only possible way of beating Grant. This delusion, as Mr. Adams points out, the Greeley canvass has thoroughly exploded. It is well known that the Greeley type of man has not gained but lost in public opinion, and that when reform is attempted hereafter it must be attempted with the heaviest mental and moral metal the reformers can command. As a striking illustration of this, Mr. Adams called attention to the fact that the one man in America who has made a deep impression on the political mind of the country—made a real reputation, in short—during the last ten years, is a man of facts, figures, and arguments—Mr. D. A. Wells. Of this all old "war-horses" and "champions" would do well to take note.

The Springfield *Republican* has announced this week that "the essence and the basis and the hope of the Liberal movement are found in the principles of the Christian religion," and that "the Cincinnati platform is the outgrowth of the Sermon on the Mount." This information will take a good many people by surprise, and, if true, ought certainly to have been communicated to the public at an earlier period in the canvass, for very few, if any, have even suspected anything of the kind since Mr. Greeley's nomination. In the first place, it is rather odd that a body pious enough to take the Sermon on the Mount for its platform should have planted on it, as a candidate, the most obstreperous old "war-horse" and one of the wildest and most unscrupulous vituperators the country contains; and, in the second place, people find it hard to believe that a movement has "its essence and basis and hope in the Christian religion" of which one of the first effects has been to set hundreds of newspapers and hundreds of orators lying and equivocating for its defence and propagation. There is no Democratic orator or Democratic editor now in the field for Greeley who does not in his heart despise and dislike Greeley, and yet he is daily engaged in trying to persuade his countrymen that Greeley is a great statesman and an able and honest man. The fact is, if we are going to take a theological view of the matter, it must be admitted that no movement in American history has set in motion so much of the devil's machinery, is doing so much of the devil's work, or is in all its methods so hostile to the principles which lie at the basis of Christianity. In saying this, too, we have the pro-slavery movement in our mind. Slaveholders were honest men. They believed what they preached, and showed, when the occasion came, that they knew how to die for it; but you, Greeleyites

brethren, do not, even one-half of you, believe what you say about Greeley. You know he is not what you represent him to be; in other words, you are engaged in a game of imposture on a gigantic scale; and to talk of Christianity in connection with your movement, or your "hopes," or your "essence," or your "basis," is to blaspheme it. Christianity is a religion of love, but it is also a religion of truth. It commands men to forgive their enemies, but it also commands them to stop lying and deceiving.

The *Christian Union* has been making enquiries as to the levying of assessments for political purposes in the Custom-house of this city, and has satisfied itself that nothing of the kind is now done. Some slight voluntary contributions are made, but this is all. We are very glad to hear this, and hope that the same thing may be said of other custom-houses; but the civil service will never be reformed in this particular until there is an absolute cessation of the forwarding of circulars soliciting contributions from office-holders, signed by persons high in authority. Requests of this kind are apt to be regarded as commands, or at all events are apt to intimidate subordinates. In fact, the collector of this and every other port ought to *keep out of politics*. The real collector does, and we propose that the political collector should either do the same thing, or else go into some other calling. If he merely voted, he would be no worse off than the rest of the community, and the community would be much better off. We also must express our dislike for the cant we hear about office-holders on small salaries "wishing" to subscribe to campaign funds. They wish nothing of the kind. Persons of the same means in other walks of life never think of such a thing; they want the money for their families; and Federal officers on \$1,500 a year ought to be encouraged by their superiors *not* to give money for campaign purposes, but to keep it for the clothing and education of their children, and for their own washerwomen. It is a ridiculous and shameful thing for a man in this position to give \$25 to help to secure the valuable services of a Banks or a Butler or a Fenton for the American nation.

Both Democrats and Assistant Democrats—as some one has happily named the Greeley Republicans—were naturally much depressed just after the New England elections. Vain sacrifices on the part of the one, and very vain boasting on the part of the other, seemed to be proved by the results of the coalition in Vermont and Maine. During the three or four weeks since then, however, they have taken heart of grace again, and are now working and waiting in the professed hope that they are to carry Pennsylvania almost certainly, Ohio probably, and Indiana probably—in fact certainly, if anything is certain in politics, and by a decided majority. The grounds of this confidence are not unpalatable. Indiana, after having gone Republican for some years by steadily decreasing majorities, went Democratic at the last election; Mr. Hendricks, known as an able man, respected for his ability, and in training as a party candidate for the Presidency, is running for governor; a Republican leader formerly influential, Mr. Julian, is a prominent Greeleyite. As for Ohio, it was the seat of the original Cincinnati movement—a movement of men impressed with the belief that the Republican party ought to be put out of the way; it is the home of many thousands of German voters who are opposed to Grant; the Republican majority in Ohio has been fluctuating, and once of late years has been a minus quantity. As regards Pennsylvania, we confess ourselves unable to get or give a succinct and reliable account of the true state of the case there. Of the hundred or two of men who could explain the precise nature of this Cameron-Curtin-McClure-Hartranft coil, with its railroad radiations and Washington-lobby connections, not one but is engaged up to the eyes in the active fight on the one side and the other, and the truth is not to be had or expected from any one of them. We certainly cannot give it our

readers, and we, as having had experience, advise them to give up the attempt of learning it from the newspapers. Somewhere or other there must be some tremendous and persistent lying going on, and we grope in the dark after Forney's motives, Curtin's motives, Yerkes's or Geary's motives, Cameron's relations with Hartranft, and a dozen other things necessary to be known before a just estimate of causes and results can be made. We do not, however, so far as we can see, find reason to believe the Greeley prophecy that Hartranft is to be defeated; on the contrary, it appears to us that he will be elected; and that in any case the other results of the election will be such as to leave it beyond doubt that it is with him personally and his managers in the State canvass that dissatisfaction exists, and not with the general record of the Republican party. The pardoning of Yerkes, in order, as it would seem, and as is alleged, to enable him to make an electioneering affidavit, was one of those things which it is impossible to characterize in moderate language, no matter what the merits of his story may be.

Among the few things certain in the perplexing canvass in Pennsylvania we may count these: Mr. George H. Stuart, the eminent Philadelphia merchant, and a man of great consideration in that community, and of weight in the religious world, is one of many business-men who certify that, after careful examination of the wilderness of charges brought against Hartranft, they find him blameless, and advise his election. Mr. Forney, whose singular course is not the least of the anomalies of the campaign, is a self-confessed beneficiary of the Evans corruption fund. Governor Curtin, in his speech at his home in Bellefonte, said that against General Hartranft he had nothing to say except that he allowed himself to seek the governorship under the auspices of the Cameron ring—and the Cameron ring is not the Curtin ring we must recollect, but its victorious enemy. These things, together with the enthusiastic endorsement of Hartranft by his companions-in-arms, all of whom appear to think very well of him as a soldier, have inclined us to think him a calumniated man. At the same time, it will require a more decisively favorable result of the election than we are now expecting to make us think his nomination other than unfortunate. Such, too, seems to be the opinion generally among Republicans outside of Pennsylvania. These latter, however, may be presumed to know their own business tolerably well, and for anything that can now be said, and proved, he may be the strongest candidate that could be put up. Very possibly the disruption of the party in Pennsylvania may be just like the disruption here—one which simply could not be healed, and one of the parties to which had to be exterminated. Tuesday will show what is the truth of the matter.

Meantime, to go on with the things certain in the Pennsylvania canvass, about 13,000 colored votes will be cast in Pennsylvania for the first time in a gubernatorial election, and these, it is reasonable to expect, will be solidly for the Republican candidates in October as in November. Then the campaign work has been done with great skill and energy on the Republican side—speakers, torches, music, and documents being applied systematically and without stint, bolting encouraged, labor-reform tickets set up, and all sorts of bargaining and every kind of persuading being used by masters of the art. It is very difficult to believe that, under these circumstances, the Democracy, led by Mr. Buckalew, are going to succeed, and, as we suppose, they will not. Indiana appears more doubtful, and we confess we should not be distressed were it to be the result of the election that Mr. Morton is dropped out of the Senate. The exacerbations caused by him and Mr. Conkling have been as influential as anything else in making this contest so hard a one, and in offering the unterrified Democracy with the South leading it one more chance to open a record which ought to be closed. We hope the party, when it turns over its new leaf, will bear both these gentlemen in mind.

Dr. Ayer, the well-known Massachusetts advertising physician, has acquired a fortune by the sale of his pills, and has become ambitious. For some time he has been busy, if his neighborhood papers tell the truth, in "laying pipe," "pulling wires," "seeing" people, "log-rolling," "working," "hiring workers," and otherwise exerting himself after the approved methods in procuring from the caucus or district convention of the Seventh Congressional District of Massachusetts a nomination as Congressman, and there was fear that he would get it. This was undesirable, we are told, for two reasons: one was that he is not fit for the place, which certainly used to be a reason in Massachusetts; the other, that if he were elected there would be every probability that General B. F. Butler would count for at least two in the Massachusetts delegation instead of counting for one, the Doctor being understood to be the warm friend of the General, and the General being known not to be warm friends with the holy and the wise; nor with the unholy or the unwise either, unless he can make them serve his turn. There was a third reason which turned the scale against the industrious Doctor, when we fear the other two, excellent as they were, would have been unable to prevent the disgrace of the district, and that was, that not only is Dr. Ayer not a fit man for the place, and Mr. Butler a man whose influence should be diminished, but Judge E. R. Hoar consented to allow his name to be used as a candidate. The escape was a narrow one, the ex-Attorney-General beating Ayer by only ten votes. It is true that many of Ayer's delegates were pledged to him before Mr. Hoar had appeared as a candidate; but think of a delegate's being pledged to Ayer! Massachusetts is to be congratulated on this strengthening of her delegation. The loss of Banks and the gain of Hoar is indeed a gain.

The controversy raised by the late refusal of the Bank of Commerce and the City Bank to pay the certified checks to the Gould operators, has ended substantially in the approval of the course of the banks by public opinion, but they have acknowledged the illegality of their course by paying the amount of the checks with costs. An attempt was made to annul the transactions for which the checks were given, on the ground that the refusal of the banks constituted non-payment; but the Stock Exchange has ruled that where a certified check is given on a bank in good standing at the Clearing-House, and payment refused, "there is no such default as to authorize the closing of the contract under the rule," but any claim for damage sustained must be presented to the Arbitration Committee. The money market is still in a disturbed condition, as the banks are still short of money, and the "operators" are consequently occupied with daily raids on borrowers and holders of stocks. No great prospect of a change, for some weeks to come, is held out by any of the financial authorities. The demand for money at the South and West continues as strong as ever. On the other hand, the flow of foreign capital into the country is in no way abated, and seems likely to increase, in spite of the rise in the discount of the Bank of England. Two new loans are reported as having been effected in London, one of \$5,000,000 by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the other of \$6,000,000 by the Alleghany Valley Road. The English Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced that the Geneva award will be paid "at once and without a murmur," and the *Economist* congratulates the British public on the fact that the payment comes in a lucky year, when there is probably a surplus in the revenue of \$20,000,000.

The result of the last meeting of the International at the Hague is the disruption of that body, though the centralizers have nominally achieved a victory. The Association, as we have already explained in these columns, was originally intended to cover Europe with a great trades-union, which would secure to strikers in any one country the co-operation of their fellow-workmen in all others. When the organization was completed, the "General Council" was intended to be simply a means of intercommunication between the

local sections; but, as time rolled on, and politicians poured in, and the aims of the body became wider and higher, the Council began to assume authority over the sections; and at the Basle Congress a new rule was adopted, which gave the Council "the right of suspending any branch of the International until the next meeting of Congress." The branches have been kicking against this ever since the chiefs made common cause with the Paris Commune—the English, Belgians, Dutch, and Spaniards wishing to have nothing to do with politics, while the Germans and French, headed by Karl Marx, wish to have the association, above all things, political; and, instead of confining it to the discussion of wages and labor, to use it for the complete reorganization of society. On this issue the parties came into collision at the Hague, Marx and his friends gaining the upper hand, and securing increased power for the General Council. The sober-minded have accordingly seceded, and the General Council is to move for one year to New York, in order to be free from the suffocating influences of European despotism. The Congress at the Hague has as usual been mainly composed of men who have hardly ever done a day's work with their hands, and whose fury against the "bourgeoisie" has therefore something very comic about it. The proceedings suggest once more the question, which nearly all socialist plans for regenerating society thrust into every sensible man's face, namely: Since you cannot create a body capable of managing a small organization of true believers, where are you going to get the force which is to superintend your "regenerated" society, which is to put every man to the right kind of work, give each his due, and get from each his best service, educate all the children, and distribute all the capital and all the profits, and see that nobody is poor, or desolate, or oppressed? When we see the mental calibre and moral quality of the "parties" who now offer themselves for this work, and meet with philanthropic people of fair repute for sanity who can hardly rid themselves of the suspicion that there is something in their schemes, we cannot wonder that the knaves are so plentiful and look into the future so hopefully.

There have been two curious incidents in France of a politico-ecclesiastical kind, which have been occupying the public mind very seriously. A Jesuit father, Dufour, was accused by the conductor of a train of improper conduct in a railroad car with a lady of rank with whom it was shown his relations had been for some time previous of a very intimate kind, he having been in the habit of making long walking excursions with her. There seemed to be no doubt about the truth of the charge, but the court saved the father by one of those *tours de force* of which only French judges are capable. It ruled, in the first place, that the offence was not "an offence against public decency," as the car was not a public place, and the conductor had no business to be prying into it; in the second place, it ruled that, as the conductor was a sceptic or Voltairian, and an enemy of religion, his statement was doubtful, and it refused, contrary to all the French rules of evidence, which admit everything near and remote calculated to throw light on the issue, to allow him to produce testimony as to the former relations of the accused persons, so as to strengthen the probability of his own story; and it then committed the crowning absurdity of severely admonishing the father and the lady on the impropriety of their behavior. The case has excited all the more attention in France because the German Jesuits are flocking into the country by the score, and because a determined effort is being made to take the public schools out of clerical hands. This effort is deriving much support from a terrible scandal which has just taken place near Bordeaux by the atrocious conduct of a certain Father Ange, a member of the order of Christian Brothers, in charge of a school at that place. Three hundred fathers of families have petitioned the prefect for a lay teacher, and refuse to send their children to the public school as long as it remains in the hands of an ecclesiastic. Father Hyacinthe's marriage has of course fed the flame of discussion which these incidents have excited, and has brought out the confession from the *Journal de Paris*,

a staunch Church paper, that from twenty to thirty priests marry every year in the diocese of Paris alone. But a priest's marriage, or the marriage of a man who has ever taken orders, is null in French law, and the children born of it illegitimate. The Jesuits at Brest have returned public thanks to God for Father Dufour's escape.

Political speculations concerning the meeting of the three Emperors at Berlin were baffled by the programme of their daily occupations. The Emperor of Russia arrived in the afternoon of Thursday, September 5, the Emperor of Austria on the evening of September 6, and visits of state consumed what remained of these two days. On Saturday morning, at 9 o'clock, the three Emperors appeared together at parade, and on returning, at 1 o'clock, to their respective palaces, they received separately visits of courtesy. At 4 o'clock was the grand dinner at the Schloss, at 7 an opera, at 9 an illumination and a military serenade; and after this a supper. Retiring at midnight, they attended worship betimes on Sunday morning at the churches of their several faiths; at 1 p.m., they rode in company to the Zoological Garden, at 3 went to Potsdam, and there remained till 10, dividing the time between a family dinner at Babelsberg and a brilliant supper and illumination at the New Palace, under the hospitality of the Crown Prince. On Monday and Tuesday, at 8 a.m., the Imperial party went by rail to Spandau and Wustermark to witness corps and field manoeuvres, returning in the afternoon to dinners, soirées, concerts, at Berlin. At every public appearance they were greeted with the most hearty enthusiasm of the people. Wednesday was devoted to picture-galleries and to visits of courtesy; in the evening the Emperor of Austria took his departure, and the Emperor of Russia followed him on Thursday morning. In this crowded programme there was no opportunity for a private political conference, nor was there any between the Emperors. If any such conference was held by the three Ministers, Gortchakoff, Bismarck, and Andrassy, the secret has been most carefully kept. But there is the best authority for the statement that at no time were the three Ministers together in consultation, though Bismarck had long interviews with Gortchakoff and Andrassy in turn, and these again had opportunity to confer with one another. No treaty was made, no "Holy Alliance" formed, but good-will was promoted upon all sides.

The real diplomacy preceded the meeting. In view of the domestic strifes of the Austrian Empire, it had become important for that Government to put itself openly upon a friendly footing with the new Empire of Germany, and the visit of Francis Joseph to Berlin was agreed upon many months ago as a token that Austria accepts without grudging the results of Sadowa, and that Germany has no intention of "annexing" the German population of Austria. But as soon as this visit was fixed upon, it became of the greatest moment to Russia to place herself openly in accord with the new order of things. If Vienna was going to Berlin, Petersburg must go there; and this would also be a symbol of fraternity between Austria and Russia. Moreover, the visit must not be to Wilhelm as King of Prussia, but to Wilhelm, Emperor of Germany; and so a grand Imperial Court was assembled for the occasion of all the princes, dukes, and notables of the Empire. These preliminaries required weeks of negotiation and volumes of correspondence; but once these were arranged, and the meeting brought to pass, the substantial object of the conference was attained, and it proclaimed itself as a symbol of unity and a guaranty of peace. The convenient device of a deputation of the civic authorities of Berlin to congratulate Prince Bismarck upon the restoration of his health, gave the Chancellor the opportunity of interpreting the conference in these sententious words: "The friendly personal meeting of the three Emperors will strengthen in our friends the assurance of the preservation of peace, and will make plain to our enemies how desperate would be the attempt to disturb it. For myself, I should not be sorry to have the world-history seem for a while to stand still."

THE PROVIDENCE IN THE TREASURY.

THERE is probably nothing more remarkable in the present remarkable canvass than that Mr. Boutwell has not figured in it more prominently as a "thief," and "embezzler," and "bribe-taker"; for there is nobody in the country whose temptations are so great, and, if we are to believe even half what we hear, there never was a time when men, even of the highest standing, succumbed to temptation so readily. According to one account, three senators, who have borne a good character for years, are nothing but corrupt jobbers, using their official position for the purpose of filling their pockets and those of their relatives and friends. We mean Messrs. Trumbull, Schurz, and Doolittle. One senator who has not stood so high as these, but nevertheless enjoys great influence, has, we are assured on the same authority, been guilty of theft and arson. According to another account, nearly all the leading Republicans in the House of Representatives, headed by the Speaker, have sold their votes on important bills without the slightest scruple; indeed, we are told that the Speaker "is always for sale," and is now worth a million in dishonest gains. In the midst of this sink of corruption stands the Secretary of the Treasury, not only charged with the custody of the national funds, but charged with the duty of keeping down the price of gold, and even of "keeping money easy." In other words, just as Congress, under our tariff system, has it in its power to raise or lower the price of nearly all the principal necessities and luxuries, the Secretary of the Treasury has it in his power to determine in any given week the purchasing power of the paper dollar by raising or lowering the price of gold. That his position is popularly believed to be one requiring wonderful self-restraint may be inferred from the praises bestowed on him for applying the surplus funds in his possession to the reduction of the national debt, as directed by the Act of Congress, instead of appropriating them to his own use, or giving them away to his friends, which people seem to think would have been the natural thing for him to do, and was hard for him to avoid doing.

There is, indeed, in the praise bestowed on the Administration by the orators who defend it in the present canvass for using the public money in the manner directed by law, a striking illustration of the irrational and unhealthy condition of the public mind on matters of finance. In private life, if a gentleman learnt that his friends were filling the town with glorifications of him because he had not run away with funds committed to him for safe keeping, and every morning sent round handbills giving notice that So-and-so was at his house last night as usual, and thus far had not shown the least disposition to abscond, he would certainly repress their zeal with a good deal of indignation. Nobody with even a shred of self-respect left would submit to such marks of affection in silence; and, if we were all in a right frame of mind about our politics, public men would be just as sensitive on this point as private persons. But the Administration is as much pleased with the public declarations of its press and orators that Grant and Boutwell are not common thieves like Tweed or Sweeny, as if they credited them with the originating genius of Turgot or Stein; and the press and orators themselves, after having proved that the President and his Cabinet do not steal, look round with pity and contempt on "the reformers." To this complexion has it come at last. We have gradually so lowered our ambition in matters of administration, that what we seek of our Minister of Finance is not that he should reform our taxation or our currency, or infuse purity into our fiscal concerns, but that he should keep out of the penitentiary.

Now it so happens that we have in Mr. Boutwell a gentleman who finds it easy to avoid stealing and jobbing; but does anybody suppose that, as things are going, and are likely to go if people do not bestir themselves during the next four years, it will be possible to keep the enormous power Mr. Boutwell wields out of hands that will be by no means as scrupulous as his? And suppose we had in the Treasury, while our finances are in their present condition, a man who would enter into any of the numerous "combinations" which are every day springing up in Wall Street, what sort

of defence should we have against him? The delicacy of our public men about these matters is certainly not increasing. If anybody had suggested even ten years ago that the American Minister in London would sell his name to a speculative mining company, to assist them in palming off their shares on foreigners, he would have been laughed to scorn; or, if he had predicted that Horace Greeley would take stock, along with a batch of swindling City Hall politicians, in a company for manufacturing tobacco, great numbers of intelligent men would have treated him as a malignant lunatic; and yet our eyes have seen these things. We have now a condition of the currency which enables the Secretary of the Treasury, by choosing a particular time for the exercise of enormous discretionary powers with which we have armed him, to make or mar the fortunes of scores of very wealthy and utterly unscrupulous speculators, or which enables him, by simply refraining for a particular time from doing a particular thing, which he might lawfully do, to aid in the success of the most outrageous conspiracies against the mercantile community. Anybody who has seen the part which Mr. Boutwell played in the convulsion of "Black Friday," and which he was by many expected to play in the financial disturbances of week before last, understands what we mean. We believe in the force and value of character as much as anybody, but there are strains to which no community in its senses ought to subject character even in times when a good name is of much value. In our day, when a good name is for political purposes of little or no value, there is something almost appalling in the coolness with which we make a single person master of the money market, and with which we continue a system of finance in which a single will takes the place of law, and with which we allow it to set law aside even in cases in which the law exists and is plainly laid down. We shall, if we persist in our policy, wake up some fine day to look upon a scandal which will make the "scandals" of the present campaign, supposing them all true, seem mere bagatelles. When we are told that the Speaker of the House "is constantly for sale," and that one of the leading senators has committed arson to defraud an insurance company, we may rely upon it that the day is not far distant when we shall be told, and when thousands will believe it, that the Secretary of the Treasury is at the bottom of a "corner" in gold, or has instigated a raid on the banks. Possibly the story will be false; but even if it is widely believed the mischief will be enormous, for confidence is at the basis of all sound finance, and a Secretary of the Treasury has, like a judge, not only to be honest, but to maintain a character for honesty.

The evil of which we complain is the natural and proper result of dishonesty. Whatever of confusion there is in our finances is the result of a protracted and persistent effort to conduct national finance on principles which, in private life, would be called knavish; and performances of this sort on a great scale water the soil on which individual knaves grow. The policy which we are now pursuing with regard to the public debt, and which gives Mr. Boutwell his great power, is one which, if pursued by an individual, would destroy his character. If a merchant refused altogether to redeem his overdue promissory notes, and devoted all his spare cash to buying up his own bonds at a discount, he certainly would not long retain the good opinion of his neighbors. We are undoubtedly reducing the bonded debt through this process, but if our morals continue to decline under it, as they have declined thus far, it is hard to say where we shall be by the time it is all paid off.

THE JAPANESE EXPERIENCE OF OUR CIVIL SERVICE.

A CURIOUS illustration of the indirect but baleful influence of our vicious and absurd civil-service system has been recently brought to light in the history of certain experiences that have befallen the Japanese in their intercourse with our Government. Thus, it is well known that, from the time when the Americans, under Commodore Perry, broke through the seclusion of Japan and negotiated the first international commercial treaty, the Japanese have

evinced the most friendly regard for the Government and people of the United States; and in their efforts to "conform"—we will not say "elevate themselves"—to the standards of Western civilization, have made no secret of their intention to accept our methods and experiences as their models and examples, rather than the methods and experiences offered them by the people and governments of Western Europe. To the United States came accordingly the first Japanese embassy, and subsequently their first foreign resident representative or diplomatist. With this latter personage came also, for the purpose of acquiring an American education, a considerable number of young men, selected with care from the noble or higher classes; and later, and for the same purpose, a carefully selected corps of young women. But as the services of all these persons were prospective, and as the occasion for service with the Japanese in dealing with foreign nations, their methods, tools, machinery, and other agencies, was immediate, a movement was made by the Japanese Minister, soon after his arrival, to obtain in behalf of his Government the assistance of such citizens of the United States as, through abundant knowledge and experience, were especially qualified to impart just that information and assistance which the several departments of the empire felt that they needed. He accordingly applied to our officials in Washington for advice and co-operation; and taking it for granted—in unhappy ignorance of our civil service—that the same barbarous custom that exists in China and Japan, of calling only men of great attainments to high public office, prevailed equally in the United States, he naturally expected to find in our Federal officials occupying stations corresponding to the requirements of Japan exactly the material that was wanted. And in accordance with this hypothetical but erroneous view of the situation the Minister appears to have made his selections—no one in authority at Washington taking sufficient interest in the matter to advise or influence him to the contrary.

The first requisite of the Japanese was a man learned in international and civil law—one skilled in the foreign policy of the United States and other nations, and who, as a high attaché of their Foreign Office, would assist in the drafting and negotiating of treaties, in the settlement of foreign claims, and who, above all, through wise counsels, would guard the empire from international difficulties and liabilities. The salary offered was understood to be \$15,000 gold per annum, with a guaranteed term of service of several years. For this office a subordinate of the State Department was selected—a man brought into the Department through the favoritism of a former Secretary, past middle age, of no social position, of dissipated habits, and who could not hopefully have aspired to the smallest office of diplomatic responsibility under his own Government.

The second requisite of the Japanese was a man skilled in the methods and machinery of American agriculture, the mechanic arts, and manufacturing and mining chemistry. For this office the then head of the Agricultural Bureau of the United States was chosen, and his name was "Capron." To most Americans, this simple announcement is sufficient to give an idea of what, in this case, the Japanese got for their money; but as some may not know the history of the Agricultural Bureau, it may be well to call to mind that its first Commissioner was one "Isaac Newton"—not "Newton" who investigated the laws whereby apples fall—but Newton who acquired his knowledge of agriculture by peddling ice-cream in Philadelphia, and who, when once taken to task by a Congressional Committee for bad spelling, triumphantly retorted, "If S-h-u-g-g-a-r don't spell sugar, what does it spell?" Capron was the successor of Newton, and although the phylacteries of the former were somewhat broader than those of the latter, they were not sufficiently large to prevent the Agricultural Bureau from being what it yet is, the laughing-stock and contempt of every educated agriculturist, wool, cotton, and grain dealer throughout the country. Of the suite which Capron took with him, it is enough to say that they were like unto himself; had no standing or recognition in the professional circles of the country, and would have found it extremely difficult to earn a living in any other than Government employment.

The third requisite of the Japanese was men gifted in finance and in the modern methods and theories of assessing and collecting revenue—men who should be able to take the existing fiscal system of Japan, and shape and modify it in such a way as to promote the interests of the empire. For assistants, a selection is understood to have been made from the officials of the San Francisco Custom-house; but for the chief place in this department a deputy in the office of the Internal Revenue was taken. If there is any truth in the proverb, "Like master, like man," and if the head of the Treasury Department, as is currently reported, does not believe in the existence of any such science as political economy, and classes Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" in respect to truth with the Koran, then the financial qualifications of the subordinates of such a master may easily be predicated. But in this case hypothesis does not need to be indulged in, for it is known that however worthy may have been the private life of the Deputy Commissioner in question, his qualifications for acting as financial adviser to the Japanese were based mainly on a somewhat limited experience as an internal revenue officer, appointed originally for political considerations in a country district of Indiana.

The fourth requisite of the Japanese was a man experienced in matters relating to education, and as in this department the Federal Government had but a single officer, and as no one in Washington takes any special interest in his office or his work, the Japanese were forced, as it were, to look elsewhere. And having once got out of the sphere of the Government civil service, and beyond the taint of political influences, they found that high reputation and position in private life do as a general rule imply high individual ability; and so inferring, they are understood to have secured the services of one of the most competent men that the country could offer, namely, Prof. Northrop of New Haven.

Of persons thus selected, all but the last-named have departed for the field of their labors, and entered upon their work; and the report of their usefulness which comes back to us is exactly what might have been expected. One distinguished himself during the first month of his residence at Yeddo by getting publicly drunk, and then entering a complaint to the authorities that he had been robbed in a place which he had no business to be in. The Japanese, it is understood, have quietly set him aside, making no complaint—paying him with great regularity his salary, but in other respects ignoring, as far as possible, his existence, official or otherwise. Meantime, the person in question has sunk so low that he has been excluded, in a great degree, from the society of his own countrymen in Japan, and from that of other foreign residents.

In regard to other members of the corps selected by the Japanese in the United States, we copy the following extract from the news summary telegraphed from Washington under date of July 28, 1872:

"A private letter received here from Japan speaks in severe terms of the character of the officials employed by the Japanese Government on the recommendation of the heads of departments of the United States Government. The letter, which is from an accomplished and trustworthy citizen of the United States temporarily sojourning in Japan, says that Mr. Capron, ex-Commissioner of Agriculture, and employed by Japan in a similar capacity in that country with a number of American assistants, is regarded by the Government as almost useless, and that his commission has broken to pieces. 'It will in a fragmentary form go to Yezo,' adds the letter, 'but it will do nothing, and the officials here have lost confidence in it.'"

The scandal of General Schenck's connection with the "Emma Mine," and the detriment that has thereby accrued to our financial interests—Federal, State, and corporate—in Europe, have been made painfully apparent to every American who has been brought in contact the past summer with English and Continental bankers; but there is another matter currently talked about in the East, which equally illustrates how the common interests and honor of our country suffer from the practice we indulge in of making our diplomatic appointments depend on political services to party rather than on qualifications and ability. Other recent American correspondence from Japan which we have seen, thus gives us a hint of it. It says:

"The Japanese Ministry want solid counsel upon almost all of their foreign associations. They will not take anything of the sort from English, French, or German sources, but they would gladly accept it from the United States if they could fairly feel that our representatives here were animated by a genuine regard for the welfare of their country. Of this they are not now convinced, nor will they be until United States officials exhibit a disposition to measure their own countrymen and the natives with whom they come in contact by the same standards, politically, commercially, and socially. The Japanese diplomatists are as clever as any of ours whom they are likely to meet, their merchants are just as shrewd and quite as honest, and their people generally are as respectable for intelligence and humanity. Yet in all intercourse, an assumption of superiority is maintained on our side for which there is no sort of warrant, and which certainly would not be tolerated or attempted in European communities. And in commercial transactions, the Japanese have too often reason to suspect us of trampling upon their rights. The position of the United States Minister is extremely delicate in this respect. As there are no courts here for the settlement of foreign accounts, all disputed claims on the part of Americans are turned over to him for presentation to the Japanese Government. It of course becomes his duty to ascertain their validity, but such investigations are naturally distasteful, and it may be that a Minister cannot always give the time to consider them very minutely. It need hardly be said that no punishment or disgrace could be too severe for a Minister who should present a claim known to be fraudulent; but who can tell with what skill the irregularity or injustice of some of these accounts may not be concealed? It is certain that false claims for vast amounts have hitherto been submitted to our Minister for presentation, and I believe it is indisputable that some demands have actually been urged and settled which could never be justified in equity or honor. Mistakes like these are very dangerous. They directly impair our influence and imperil our reputation, and they should be guarded against by measures so peremptory as effectively to prevent their recurrence."

Of the nature of the demands which some of our virtuous fellow-citizens, dealing with Japan, have made against that Government in times past, and would doubtless make again if opportunity offered, the following is an example which has already passed into history. When the Americans first began to trade with Japan, after the negotiation of the commercial treaty by Commodore Perry, there were two coins in general circulation in that country—an oblong silver coin, called the "ichibu," and a thin oval gold coin, called the "kobang." During the long years of the non-intercourse of Japan with the rest of the world, it had happened that the silver coin had become so overvalued as to exchange equally with the gold "kobang," although, comparing equal weights, the silver "ichibu," according to American and European standards of value, was worth but one-third of the gold coin. It happened, however, in the treaty negotiated by the United States, and also in the subsequent British treaty, which, to all intents and purposes, was a copy of the American, that—probably through some inadvertence or want of knowledge, but possibly because some sharp Yankee saw his pecuniary opportunity—the Japanese Government were induced to bind themselves for the space of one year to give Japanese coin in exchange for American or British, weight for weight, metal against metal. Taking advantage of this, the foreign trader or merchant operated as follows:—Bringing \$100 to the custom-house, he first exchanged their weight for the "ichibus," receiving 311 of the latter. With this money he went into the market, and obtained as many gold "kobangs," worth about three times the intrinsic value of his dollars. The "kobangs" were then sent with all haste to China, exchanged back into dollars, and the same operation repeated. Such an opportunity to coin money was naturally not long neglected by the foreign residents, and as real trading transactions would not suffice to get the kobangs fast enough, a fictitious trade was soon inaugurated, and documents were presented to the Japanese authorities representing exchanges of articles of the most absurd character, as warming-pans, elephants, etc., and demanding coin facilities for trade for persons having no real existence, and bearing names which, not understood by the Japanese, were of the most insulting and offensive character. Leon Levi, in his "History of British Commerce," states as an actual fact that one person alone, probably with an idea of clearing out the market at once of ichibus and kobangs, entered an application at the Japanese custom-house for one sextillion, two hundred quintillions, eight billions, nine hundred and ninety-nine millions, two hundred and twenty-two thousand, three hundred and twenty-one ichibus, in exchange for an equal weight of dollars. Of course, under such a condition of

affairs the supply of kobangs soon ran out, the country being literally drained of them, and when this happened, and the Japanese found it impossible to comply with the treaty stipulations, the proposition to compel them to pay indemnity was so urgently put forward by the traders, and so treated by the diplomatic corps, as for a time to threaten the further continuance of all commercial relations.

A PLEASING PICTURE.

THE Rev. Cotton Mather held the theory that America was originally peopled by a shrewd device of the Devil, who enticed the Indians to this country in order that in this remote and unknown region he might have them all to himself and out of the reach of the Gospel. We are inclined to think that if Mr. Mather were to rise from his grave, and read our newspapers during the last two months, he would be driven to the conclusion that the advent of the white man was no such serious blow to the seigniorial rights of Satan, whom he calls "the great landlord of America," as at first sight it might seem. In fact, judging from the statements of the newspapers, he would probably confess it to be very doubtful whether the Devil is not, on the whole, doing better with the Caucasians than ever he did with the Iroquois, and whether he did not make a great mistake in concealing this continent so long from the Old World. We do not know in what history a more shocking picture of manners and morals is to be met with than the *Times* and *Tribune* now daily draw of American society. Tacitus and Suetonius tell some sad stories of the ancient Romans, who were undoubtedly bad fellows, but in comparing them with ourselves we must remember that they made no such pretences to virtue as we make. The Roman rascal was an honest fellow, however cruel or licentious, while nearly all our knaves are professed moralists.

In the first place, the General who saved the Republic "from the greatest rebellion the world ever saw," and who five short years ago was the idol of his countrymen, turns out to be a beastly drunkard, who sells the various offices in his gift to the highest bidders after having put some of his own relatives into some of the best, and takes bribes however small from anybody however mean. The Senator who has been nominated for the vice-presidency by one of the two great parties is a deliberate liar and sneak, which would be sad if he were a simple worldling, but which is perfectly atrocious considering that he is a member of a church and professes to be a very pious man. Turning to the opposition ticket, we find that the candidate for the Presidency, besides his general political recreancy, entered into partnership with several notorious swindlers for the manufacture of tobacco, and induced one of the corrupt judges to issue a fraudulent injunction to help him in getting pay for joint-stock shares which had cost him nothing. The second person on the ticket is an habitual drunkard. The person whom it is supposed the opposition candidate would, if elected, make Secretary of the Treasury, and who is now a Senator from one of the greatest States in the Union, was in his youth convicted of theft, and escaped jail by the clemency of the prosecutor; in mature manhood, burnt down his own house in order to cheat an insurance company, sold his votes when a member of Congress for cash down, and sold pardons when he was Governor of New York. The late Assistant Secretary of State took a large bribe from a band of swindling railroad operators to induce him to betray his client as the trustee of a mortgage. The Speaker of the House of Representatives takes bribes freely to influence his votes and his appointment of committees. The Administration candidate for the governorship of Pennsylvania, it is charged, when State Auditor, in company with one swindler, shared the proceeds of a fraud on the State, and in company with another speculated in stocks with the funds of the State, and this on the testimony of the swindler himself; but the swindler, on being pardoned out of jail by the corrupt governor, testifies that the affidavit ascribed to him was a forgery, and that the accusation was got up by the unprincipled head of a medical college who sold diplomas to all comers for a trifling sum. The same Auditor also trumped up a false claim for taxes against a corporation, and then speculated in its stock for a fall. The Administration candidate for the governorship of New York, on the other hand, though outwardly a respectable and honorable man, when a general in the army avoided going under fire through personal timidity, and is ready to support any party which will give him an office. The opposition candidate for the lieutenant-governorship is a man who makes a living by "lobbying," or, in other words, by bribing legislators. One of the most prominent supporters of the opposition, and a United States Senator to boot, used his influence corruptly to get a cotton permit for a man with whom he then went into partnership and shared the profits. Another, who was a distinguished general of cavalry, when appointed to a foreign diplomatic position

took a prostitute into the society of the capital to which he was accredited; and when he tried to prosecute an editor of a leading paper for saying so, the editor got off by corrupting the grand jury. The Attorney-General of New York, too, made arrangements to let certain notorious criminals escape prosecution on their consenting to pay money towards the support of one of the candidates in the pending Presidential contest, and probably, something for his personal use. The leading diplomatic representative of the Government abroad also took \$58,000 from a swindling corporation to help them to palm their stock off in the markets of the city in which he was resident.

The Sheriff of the great city of New York is a very important officer. The late incumbent of that office, we are told, can neither read nor write, has undergone a term of imprisonment for theft, falsified his accounts as sheriff, committed perjury, given fraudulent checks in payment of gambling debts, and tried to defraud the city out of \$104,000. The present Sheriff, on the other hand, while equally ignorant, having begun life as a keeper of a pothouse, has defrauded litigants and prisoners of large amounts by overcharges, and the city of \$14,000 by making fraudulent alterations in a lease. One supports one candidate for the Presidency and the other the other, and each is attacked by the newspapers of one side and defended by those of the other.

In the press the state of things is about as cheerful. The *Tribune* says the editor of the *Times* is "a cad" (English slang for a low fellow, a low-bred man) and a flunkey or lacquey; and the *Times* says the editor of the *Tribune* is "a vulgar rowdy," "a booby," "a professional defamer," "a liar," "a lunatic," "a vile slanderer," and "a hack"; and a "literary swindler," that "there is no crime which he will hesitate to ascribe to any man who offends him—murder, burglary, arson, he will swear to anything"; in other words, that he is a perjurer. The same paper says the chief editor of the *World* is either "infamous" or "constitutionally incapable of acting as an honorable man"; and, supposing him to be on his death-bed, and tormented by remorse, offered "to mingle a little pity with its contempt for him." It also says the editor of the *Chicago Tribune* is a noted liar, and insinuates that the editor of the *Springfield Republican*, whom it familiarly calls "Sam," is a liar too. The *Commercial Advertiser* mentions, casually as it were, that one of the editors of the *World* is a thief, a charge which the *Times* copies gratefully, while the *Tribune* observes that the material for the ideal of a perfect journalist entertained by the *Evening Post* is obtained by mingling "ignorance, bad manners, and lying." It adds that the *Post* has "neither enough intelligence nor enough honesty to conduct a controversy with anybody on any subject," and is "a refined rascal," and an utterer of "deliberate falsehoods." It will thus be seen that there is strong testimony that nearly all the leading editors in the country are liars, lunatics, blackguards, thieves, perjurers, and that, in some cases, editors are all these things together, thus presenting the world with characters at once composite and disgusting.

"A REVIVAL" IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Sept. 12, 1872.

RELIGIOUS emotions and passions seem to obey a secret law of periodicity, like the movements of the heavenly bodies. This is well shown in all free Protestant countries by the outbursts which go under the name of revivals. We have now in France something which may pass under the name of a Catholic revival, but the moving cause of it is not difficult to perceive; it lies evidently in the misfortunes of the late war. The national feeling, which has been so deeply wounded, looks for consolations to a world where consolation and hope are always found. France, which could find no allies in Europe, can still find allies in heaven. It is not very singular if this revival has taken especially the form of Mariolatry. All the shrines which are visited now by thousands of pilgrims are particularly those which are devoted to the Virgin Mary. There is, I suppose, some deep and mysterious philosophy in this sentiment. The hero of the popular resistance against the English conquest is Jeanne d'Arc, a woman. She personified in the Middle Ages the French unity, and all the sneers and pleasantries of Voltaire have not succeeded in diminishing the prestige of this popular heroine. The figure of Mary, which is so well adapted to the Celtic mind, is a living and eternal protest of weakness against strength; it is the deification, as it were, of the negative forces of mankind—a glorification of defeat, of suffering, of helplessness.

It is idle to discuss with those pilgrims who go to La Salette or to Lourdes; they obey instincts which lie much deeper than any reasoning. And the true philosopher must confess that, in this instance, these instincts are of the right sort. These poor people are chiefly led to the altars of the Virgin by the love of their distressed country, by a profound sympathy for its misfortunes, by a great horror of the crimes which have been committed during the Commune, and by a desire to see France free from invasions and

revolutions. The Catholic Church, of course, is all ready to use for its own profit, and for the profit of the Papacy, these very natural sentiments. The leaders of the Church count their armies, and would like to bring them against the Republican armies. But the movement is, I believe, chiefly a national movement, if we regard the immense majority of the pilgrims and try to analyze their sentiments.

If you leave the railway at Grenoble, and go to a town called Vizille, you will not be very far from the mountain, belonging to the system of the Jura chain, on the top of which is the now famous church of La Salette, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. A few years ago a young shepherd, named Maximin Giraud, and his young sister were on the mountain. They had an apparition; they saw a woman come to them, who told them that she was the Virgin Mary and that a church must be built for her on the mountain; she showed them a spring near which the church must be built. It was a great pity her people of France had become so irreligious; she could not long withhold the heavy arm of God from them; awful misfortunes would soon fall upon them. The Virgin then grew to enormous proportions and ascended slowly towards heaven. Her head vanished first, then her body, lastly her feet. Giraud and his sister told the story of the apparition. It was accepted by some, rejected by many even in the church. The discussion which took place at the time even led to a lawsuit, and not the least curious incident of it is that it was Jules Favre, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the 4th September, who undertook to defend the veracity and sincerity of the little shepherds. A church was built on the mountain. The waters of the spring were sent in bottles to all believers in its miraculous powers, and Maximin Giraud, who is now a man, keeps, much to the annoyance of the church, a small shop on the mountain, where he sells *objets de piété*—chaplets, pictures, bottles of the miraculous water, and also bottles of a liquor which he composes of brandy and the herbs of the mountain. He has turned his miracle to his own profit, and makes a living by it. Two convents, one of sisters, the other of brothers, are annexed to the church, and Giraud's sister has entered the convent as a nun. Every year, thousands of pilgrims ascend the mountain on mules or on foot, and spend a few days or hours on the summit. This year, a special train composed of pilgrims gave occasion to the Radicals of Grenoble for an anti-clerical demonstration.

The city of Grenoble has a paper of the reddest Red, which was established during the latter part of the Empire by Delescluze, who became the last Minister of War of the Commune, and who was one of the few Communist leaders who died on the barricades. This paper has succeeded in establishing the domination of the Radical party in the municipal council of the town. When the pilgrims' train arrived, a demonstration was prepared. The pilgrims were divided into cohorts, each of which was under the guidance of a voluntary captain, who was to provide for food and lodging. The men of each cohort bore a badge, some red, some blue, some white. These white cockades gave the Radicals the occasion they wanted. They maintained that the pilgrims were making a sort of holy crusade in favor of Henri V. They received them at the railway station and pursued them through the town with their insults. There were many priests, of course, among the pilgrims, and they were pursued with threats like these: "You will be hostages some day"—an awful and ferocious allusion to the fate of the Archbishop of Paris and the Dominican monks during the Commune. These revolting scenes were again enacted the next day at Vizille, where the pilgrims arrived in omnibuses and cars of every description. The Radicals of Vizille, who were once famous for their Bonapartism, the sons of the men who received Napoleon I. with enthusiasm on his fatal return from the Island of Elba, insulted the men, the women, and the friends who formed the inoffensive procession. It is quite conceivable that under such circumstances the religious fervor of the pilgrims became even more excited. They felt that they were martyrs for a holy cause. Eye-witnesses, even newspaper reporters, cool and disinterested as they were, have given the most curious account of the proceedings on the mountain. Hundreds and thousands of people, without shelter in the night, slept under the sky or in the church. Barely fed, they spent all their time in praying, in singing. Several bishops sanctioned the proceedings by their presence, and delivered sermons, in each of which the misfortunes of France and the impiety of the age were largely dwelt upon. There was much sobbing and crying; miracles took place; paralytic girls who were brought to the communion-table, left it quite free in their movements, and with a transfigured look. There is no doubt that such scenes seem to develop hidden powers and capabilities in the human frame. We find ample proofs of it in all great religious movements in all times.

Let us go from the Jura to the Pyrenees. There we shall find at the entrance of the valley of Argelès, in the vicinity of watering-places much visited in the summer, a little village named Lourdes, which, since 1858, has

become as holy as La Salette. There is a grotto where also the Virgin Mary made her appearance. A church is now erected near the spot to Maria Immaculata. The pilgrimage of Lourdes may almost be called fashionable, as it is accessible by rail, and is in the way of travellers who visit the Pyrenees. A pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella in Spain or to Notre Dame du Pay in Auvergne was, in ancient times, and is even yet, a hardship; but now railway companies have realized the programme of "religion made easy," so much attacked by Pascal in his "Provinciales." For instance, I see before me the time-tables of the Southern Railway of France; there is a special pilgrims' train which allows nine hours at Toulouse for a visit to Sainte-Germaine of Pibrac; twenty-three hours at Lourdes; six hours and a half further on for Notre Dame de Verdelaïs; three hours at another station for Notre Dame de Bon-Encontre. How charming these names are, by the bye—like the various denominations given by the Greek mythology to the same god. A national pilgrimage is announced at Lourdes for the 6th of October. The committee say that "on that day France will make before the grotto of Lourdes the most meritorious and solemn confession of faith." Among the members of the committee are seen the names of Madame de MacMahon, Madame de Lamoricière, Madame de Tocqueville, and hundreds of others.

There is a religious paper published at Lourdes, and I read in its columns such phrases as these: "At last, we have entered on a new path. France seems at last tired of her revolutionary agitations. And what is the cause of this social renovation? The apparition of the Holy Virgin in our grotto cannot be wholly without weight in the balance of our destinies. It was perhaps the culminating moment of the period. Why should the Queen of Heaven come down among us if it is not to revive our hopes, if it is not to make her subjects happy, as we know that France is the kingdom of Mary?" The Abbé of Lourdes, who is the chief editor of this local paper, becomes even more grandiloquent: "I know," he says, "you have heard men say: There come times when nations have existed long enough. What has become of the Persians and of the Greeks? I will answer you that the oldest daughter of the Church has the privilege of resisting age as much as the rock on which the Church stands itself. France is still the France of the Crusades, and the day is not far distant when she will again seize the sword of St. Louis." After such an ominous declaration, it is not wonderful if the three Emperors of Germany, of Russia, and of Austria found it necessary to make a pacific demonstration at Berlin. The poor Abbé of Lourdes is, however, not quite so confident as he would like us to believe. He ends by saying: "If France disappeared from the map of Europe, what would become of civilization? Where would be the rampart of the Church? Persecution of it would soon be organized with a horrible cruelty. When God abandons France he will abandon this world, for tradition says, 'Deus amat Francos.'"

I have only made these citations to show you in what a world of illusions the lower clergy of France is immersed. However childish and innocent and naïve such phrases appear in print, when they are uttered in the pulpit they have quite another effect; they fall on ground ready to receive them, on souls already moved by the ceremonies, by prayer, by a sort of religious fever. Now, would you know how many pilgrims have been this year already to Lourdes? From the 1st of May to the 31st of August only, the Southern Railway has sent to Lourdes as many as 117 special trains, which supposes nearly a hundred thousand pilgrims. The months of September and of October will be quite as animated, as the autumn months are beautiful in the Pyrenees. It is only just to say that there are, under the name of pilgrims, many persons who are merely excursionists, and who wish to profit by the cheap rates of these special trains.

Notes.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON announce "Ballads for Little Folk," by Alice and Phoebe Cary, illustrated; and "My Recreations: Verses by Emily E. Ford," of which the publishers say that it "will persistently refuse to disappear in the limbo of unrecognized genius." In that case, it is a pity that the edition is to be limited.—A. Williams & Co., Boston, announce, by special arrangement with the author, a book for boys, entitled "The Deserted Ship: a Real Story of the Atlantic; being adventures in the early life of Cupples Howe, mariner."—Ginn Bros. will issue immediately "The National Fourth Music Reader," giving instruction in musical theory.—The enterprising publishers of the *Anglo-American Times* have added a third to their publications relating to this country—a magazine of American periodical literature called the *Transatlantic*, of which the first number (for August) is before us. As its readers on this side of the water will probably be few, we need only say that its contents are well selected, and give a very

fair idea of our current literature of all grades. Dr. Gryzanowski's article on the International in the *North American Review*; "John Brown and his Friends," from the *Atlantic*; a letter of Mr. Nordhoff's to the *Tribune* from Southern California; "A Nevada Funeral," by Mark Twain; "Dolly Varden," by Bret Harte; extracts from *Lippincott's*, the *Phrenological Journal*, the *Galaxy*, etc., should be an attractive bill of fare for the "average Englishman." Besides these, there are several articles contributed by the editor, which are also worth reading.

—Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" has just been translated into Armenian, and Disraeli's "Lothair," which had already appeared in Dutch and French, can now be enjoyed by the Italian enemies of the Pope.

—The Twentieth Annual Report of the Boston Public Library, just published, is rendered more than usually valuable on account of three plans which it furnishes of a building designed for a branch library in Roxbury. Though only 81 feet long by 56 feet wide, and two stories high, and to cost \$40,000, it contains a double delivery-room (for adults and minors), a reading-room 37 feet by 45 feet, a librarian's room, a trustees' room, and storage for 50,000 volumes, or, with some changes, for perhaps 80,000. The arrangement is such that all the books are within a very short distance of the delivery-counter, those most used being immediately behind it, and the librarian's room communicates directly with the public-room, the delivery-counter, the book-shelves, and the reading-room. The attendants will not have to take any needless steps; the public will get its books in the least possible time. How this good result is obtained can be easily understood from the plans. For city and town libraries, in which the public is not admitted to the shelves, the present design is much better than the ordinary method of a large central hall surrounded by alcoves, an arrangement which seldom gives a good light for readers—unless the light comes from the top—obliges the attendants to travel far for the books, and makes the cost of storing a given number of volumes more than double what it will be on the Roxbury plan. Architects like a central hall on account of the fine vista of a long line of alcoves; but, on this point at least, let no library committee listen to them. Undoubtedly a spacious, handsome hall gives a pleasure to casual visitors that is not to be despised, and perhaps has an unconscious elevating effect upon those who frequent a library. Let there be such a hall in the building for a reading-room, if it can be afforded (for committees must always remember that what is spent in building cannot be spent in books); but do not arrange the circulating part of the library along its sides, or so spread it over a wide area as to cause an average journey of sixty yards to get any volume called for, when the library can be compressed into a small room, and volumes got by an average journey of twelve yards. To this end, books may be advantageously placed in parallel stacks of shelves separated by the narrowest passable alleys; though when, as in various Athenæums, the shelves are accessible to the public, the passage-way should be somewhat wider, both to allow of a more comfortable consultation and comparison of the books on the spot, and to avoid giving the reader a feeling of being crowded. One other point deserves mention. The galleries should be so constructed that it shall never be necessary to climb to reach a book. It is time that ladders were banished from libraries.

—A modestly composed manual on the antiquity of engraving, and the utility and pleasures derived from prints, has been published by Gebbie, of Philadelphia, in which the history of the art is traced with considerable research, while time is taken to make a passing obeisance to most of the great names that have illustrated it. These enquiries, which are only signed with the initials W. S. B., betray intimacy with a number of divergent schools, and are interesting because they are understood to be inspired by the study of one of the most ample private print-collections in the country—that of Mr. James W. Claghorn.

—City corporations will grow richer rather than poorer when they provide free ice-water for the public fountains, and reconcile themselves to some loss in liquor-sellers' licenses. On one of the hot days of August—a period of twenty-four hours following six o'clock A.M. of August 10—no less than 7,202 persons drank of ice-water at Mr. Probasco's fountain in Cincinnati, and 117 buckets and pitchers were filled from it. The continual persuasion of a temperance-lecturer like this fountain is an incalculable benefit to the cause of temperance. The history of the Cincinnati fountain we find narrated in a little pamphlet issued by Robert Clarke & Co., of that city. Mr. Probasco paid for it \$110,000, and the councils expended a further sum of \$50,000 for the esplanade in which it stands and for the subterranean ice-chamber, where the water is chilled in a coil of two thousand feet of pipe within a cellar of ice ten feet square. The story of the fountain is not without incidents, such as the resistance of fifty determined butchers to the removal of the markets originally on its site, and the accident at its final dedication, where the oratory of Governor Hayes was punctuated by the fall of the benches, one bank

at a time, the last group to go being the city fathers, who plunged beneath into inarticulate ruin. This ceremony was on the 6th of last October. It is not necessary to sulk over the fact that this splendid fountain is a work of foreign art, put up by a member of the Munich bronze-casting house, who came to this country for the purpose. Something, however, might be said in favor of having spent the money among American sculptors, even at the risk of getting one of our frank native abortions. As Mr. Probasco presents it as a work of art, it may be humbly asked, What is the lesson of art it is meant to teach? Much praise has been lavished on the Cincinnatians by editors and orators for refusing to entertain the idea of a fountain decorated with Neptunes, Nereids, Egerias; and their provincial contempt for the classics has resulted in the manufacture of a brand-new mythology. Instead of the fair humanities of old religion, the water is dispensed by a lady-nondescript, who spouts little jets out of a riddle formed in each finger. The attendant figures were ordered in a spirit of absolute realism, the reward of which restriction is that they are completely local—Bavarian, in fact. A distinctly German farmer, a distinctly German fireman, a sick German, nursed by a girl who represents the artist's daughter, and a German bather, conceived in the sentiment of Kaulbach, are brought together in Cincinnati to hold up their hands in supplication for water from the Mount Auburn reservoir. This slight incongruity is fastened upon the Cincinnatians that they may conceive modest ideas of American plastic art, that they may be confirmed in their honest Bæotian scorn of the antique, and that they may intimately learn the habits and dress of the Bavarian peasantry. It would be most unfair to disparage the intrinsic merits of this splendid monument, which is a masterpiece of German taste. The designer is Professor von Kreling, of the Nuremberg Academy, and the drawings for it have been in his portfolio, waiting for some grand opportunity, since 1840. It is forty-three feet high, and contains twenty-four tons of bronze obtained from Danish cannon. The exterior basin supporting the four ice-water fountains is forty-three feet across. This is made of porphyry from the Fichtel Mountains in Bavaria. The whole monument is dedicated by Mr. Probasco to his deceased partner and brother-in-law, Mr. Tyler-Davidson, and called from him the Tyler-Davidson Fountain.

—The usual wail at the names of American towns, mountains, lakes, and rivers we see appearing again, after a short interval of rest, in a letter from a correspondent of the *Evening Post* who has been visiting Colorado, and who greatly mourns such names as Long's, Gray's, and Pike's Peaks for three mountains which are much finer than these names. Certainly the alliteration in Pike's Peak is not pleasant, but how Gray's Peak would sound would depend on the merit of the poem in which it was used. Poetry does much more towards making ordinary names impressive than fine names do towards making poor poetry good. The writer speaks of the advantage that Byron had in writing about Mont Blanc, but we over here have the White Mountains, and as we can hardly be expected to give French, German, and Italian names to our hills and streams, and pronounce them accurately, we must content ourselves with the English language and such Indian names as may seem fit. At times one hears regrets that more of the Indian names have not been kept, and in many cases it would have been much better if they had been, while in many cases it is very well, indeed, that they were dropped; think, for example, of the names of many of our gunboats during the war—uncouth combinations, which must have been anything but inspiring to either sailor, horse-marine, or poet. In New England, where the growth of separate parts of one town has made the distinction of North and South, etc., inconvenient, there have lately been many changes of names, and most high-stepping are the titles which have been often chosen. Then in this State there are a number of people who want to change the historic name of Dobb's Ferry to something or other "on-Hudson," as gross an affectation as was ever imported into this free country. The *Evening Post* writer imagines "a mountain veiling his lofty head in helpless rage when the tremendous name with which God or Adam first called to him out of Paradise is changed for that of some local politician or militia general." Such rage on the part of the mountain is unreasonable, however, since, however well he himself knows the name given him in his baptism, no investigation by mortal man can discover it; it is wholly lost. Still it was very improbably a French name, or an Italian, or a German, however sonorous such may be in general. All this is a part of a widespread affectation, a yearning for elegance, a vain belief that any brand-new village, staring with white paint, can be made as interesting as any town or city in Europe by a mouth-filling name. A little rudimentary knowledge of the etymologies of the best-known names of Europe might console our new-fangled godfathers of old places. What is Naples but a shorter form of Newtown? Take the Pyrenean *Eaux-bonnes*, *Eaux-chaudes*—how many refined selectmen in any American watering-place would endure names of only that degree of pre-

tence? In Germany we doubt if there is any such affectation; the Bavarian pronounces his Schweinfurt or Schweinheim without finding them offensive, and indeed, the world over, people are content with a good descriptive name, and are willing that a spade shall be called, if not a spade, at any rate "an agricultural implement." Our young ladies would have it a tripod, at the least, or a rood, or a teocallis. We should ill exchange our Red Banks and Lynchburgs and Sulphur Springs and High Bridges for the finest of Glenmarys and Charlemonts and Melroses.

—M. Lagrèze has had the happy idea of describing in a single book the three monuments of antiquity which reveal to us Pagan life at its decline, Christian life at its dawn, and Moslem life at its apogee—Pompeii, the Catacombs, the Alhambra (Paris, 1872). He has visited the places, has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the results of the latest researches in regard to them, has described them, narrated their history, and painted the lives of their former inhabitants with imagination and sentiment; and he has had his book plentifully illustrated with good woodcuts of Roman antiquities, Christian inscriptions, and Moorish architecture. Of course, for a thorough treatment of the three subjects one must go to Gell, Zahn, and Overbeck, to Northcote, Marriott, and De Rossi, to Lewis and Owen Jones. But one cannot always peruse folios and polemics, and M. Lagrèze's lively picture of Roman life and sketches of the history of the Moors in Spain are very agreeable reading.

—Adolph Henze, an enthusiastic patriot, and of course an admirer of Bismarck, has just given to the world a detailed analysis of the great statesman's handwriting; and, what is more, seems to think that he sees Bismarck's entire history reflected in it as in a mirror. Henze proves beyond a doubt that the battle of Sedan might have been predicted by a careful inspection of the *ch's* and *tz's* of Bismarck's writing, and we may expect him shortly to enlighten us as to the Chancellor's future career. He tells us that Bismarck's chirography is the longest—and for the truth of this we can vouch—of any handwriting in existence; *ergo*, Bismarck is the greatest man in the world; for if he were not, how could he write the longest hand? That the characters are firm, from which flows his tenacity of purpose; true, straight, inspiring confidence, bearing witness to like qualities in himself; plain, well-defined—which we deny *in toto*, as a faithful copy of one of his letters is before us, and the characters are very ill-defined and certainly not very plain—"consequent," sharp, testifying to the Bismarck logic and acumen. It may be we have here made the effect the cause; but what matter? Herr Henze can prove that they are convertible. It is a pleasing thought that if some catastrophe should blot the German Empire from the globe, we could read its past history in the hieroglyphics before us.

—"Lectures on Buddhism," being three discourses delivered at Hongkong by the Rev. Dr. Eitel, a German missionary connected with the London Missionary Society, is a small pamphlet giving more information on this little understood subject than many volumes by preceding writers. Dr. Eitel takes rank as one of the foremost living Sanskrit scholars, and, like Max Müller, has the faculty of presenting his views in an eminently popular and winning way. Even in so money-loving a community as Hongkong every copy of his brochure was sold, and a second edition is called for. For his "Dictionary of Sanskrit Terms" the honorary degree of doctor was conferred upon him by the Strassburg Faculty.

—The most important work of late issued from the China press is the fourth volume of the Chinese Classics, by the well-known Dr. Legge of Hongkong. Like its predecessors, it consists of the native text, a translation, critical and exegetical notes, and copious indexes to the whole, and is printed in a style that would reflect no discredit on the best of our own publishing houses. To those familiar with the previous volumes of the series, we need not insist upon the immense scholarship and research displayed by the learned Doctor in the lifelong work which has placed him in the foremost rank of sinologists. No living foreigner, in all probability, possesses an acquaintance with the classic lore of China in any way comparable to that of Dr. Legge, and, as regards accuracy of rendering, his version may challenge the most exacting scrutiny. The volume before us, known as the *Shi King*, comprises the classic odes of China, and, being written in the metrical form in use presumably some two thousand years before Christ, presents unusual difficulties to the translator. It is scarcely too much to say that sentences occur of which the meaning is as obscure as anything to be found in the hieroglyphic inscriptions of Egypt; and though the modern Chinese attach to them a conventional significance, there is no evidence to show that it corresponds with the original intention. This is to a great extent due to the fact that the infamously celebrated Emperor who built the great wall, decreed the destruction of every printed or written book within his dominions, hoping thereby to pass down to posterity as the founder of Chinese literature. So deeply engrained in the minds of the people, however, were the classic

books that the text was in the subsequent reign easily recovered. Still, much in the way of comment and explanation was lost, so that as characters began to modify their significations—for even in conservative China such changes have taken place, just as our word “prevent” has entirely passed out of use in its primary sense—doubts arose as to their meaning, and the received intention can only be regarded as approximately correct. The mass of commentary upon the sacred books, amounting to as many volumes as would make a respectable public library, has not tended greatly to clear up doubtful points, while verbose enough regarding renderings of slight importance. Hence the work of the translator has been one of extraordinary difficulty, and that he has achieved so marked a success is matter for sincere congratulation. We cannot, at the same time, disguise from ourselves that everything like grace of diction has been sacrificed to rigid accuracy, and it becomes a nice point whether a prose version in English of a poem, or even verses, in another language can be accepted as in all respects fulfilling the idea of translation in its highest sense. Upon this point, however, we shall leave Chinese scholars to enlarge, simply contenting ourselves with re-echoing the verdict passed by those in China competent to judge, that Dr. Legge's work marks an era in Anglo-Chinese literature. A sure proof of its value lies in the fact, communicated by a correspondent at Hongkong, that a member of the Canton literati has *pirated* the edition, printing from native wood blocks and Roman type, set up in a manner that would drive an American printer to despair; the whole impressed on paper not quite so good as that used by a grocer for his sugars.

THE LAW OF INHERITANCE IN FRANCE.*

THE best evidence of the hold which France still has upon the sympathies of mankind is the eagerness with which the process of her reconstruction is watched, the approval manifested towards those of her statesmen who discern and declare her defects, and even the perhaps too officious advice we all have to offer her as to the reforms which she imperatively needs, and the order in which they should be taken up. No one can doubt that for interested lookers-on the present development of France promises the most important lessons in the science of government, in political and social economy. Exactly how much we may learn, and how much it will profit us, will depend on the knowledge which we bring to the observation of passing events—it being as true here as in the use of the microscope, that what one sees depends upon what he knows, or knows how to look for. And if we would either divine correctly the true way for France out of her present difficulties, or estimate the just value of her steps towards recovery, we must have an adequate idea of the causes which have brought her where she now lies. In other words, we must put ourselves in the place of Frenchmen patriotically engaged upon this very problem, with the advantage on our part that we can approach it without prejudices, and without the temptation to conceal the truth because it is disagreeable. Some of these causes are as old and as difficult to trace as they are difficult to remedy. Others are much more recent, and perhaps on that account all the more unsuspected; and this is the case with the one which we purpose now to consider, with the aid of the valuable memoir of M. Jannet, embodying the results of a private enquiry made five years ago under the auspices of the Société des Etudes Pratiques d'Economie Sociale.

This enquiry contemplated the practical results of the laws of succession in Provence, with reference to their influence on family morals, as well as on the system of agriculture. It revealed first of all the fact that this portion of the Code Napoléon has but just begun to bear fruit in Southern and Southeastern France. “For one or two generations the people strove against the application of it, as being repugnant to their traditions and received ideas; the present generation alone is fully imbued with its spirit, and will push its application to the furthest limits.” Not that the Code Napoléon is the prime source of this evil legislation, nor that the First Consul, already weighted down with the curses of posterity, must add to his sins this of the *partage forcé*. When the Civil Code which perpetuates his name was under discussion, he proposed to leave this compulsory division in force for all fortunes of 20,000 francs and upwards, but to make the disposition of property below that amount absolutely free. He was overruled, in favor of the example of the Convention of 1793, which suppressed the right to devise property (*droit de tester*) for fear lest aristocratic fathers should disinherit their patriot children. So it happens that, since 1803, a decedent can dispose absolutely of only a portion of his effects (*quotité disponible*) according to the number of his children—never exceeding one-half; while the remainder must be divided among them as co-heirs having a right to an equal share, and that in kind, of each article of the inheritance.

* “Les Résultats du Partage Forcé des Successions en Provence, etc. Par Claudio Jannet, avo. at à Aix.” Nouvelle édition. Paris. New York: F. W. Christern. 1871.

The law is precisely the same for all divisions of property made during life, which are not valid without the consent of the children, but which nevertheless afford a means of evading the law in cases where a division in kind would be impracticable or ruinous, from the nature of the soil or from other circumstances.

First among the ills which flow from this prolific fountain, M. Jannet depicts the disorganization of small farming. Small proprietors and small properties, it is true, antedate the Revolution, though their numbers were greatly increased by the confiscations of that period and the division of communal possessions. The tendency of the *partage forcé* is to multiply them indefinitely, and it has on this account been lauded as an element of stability for the country. But precisely the past seventy years have been most remarkable in the history of France for unrest, change, revolution, and war, of which we have not yet, perhaps, witnessed the climax. The fact is that the laws of succession now destroy more small patrimonies than they create, and constantly impoverish those which remain. In the process of subdivision a point is reached at which it becomes unprofitable, and indeed impracticable, to use the labor of beasts in cultivating. For this purpose a piece of ground must be at least fifty yards long; yet often, when this condition is satisfied, the width does not exceed four or five plough-lengths. In the canton of Cadenet, arrondissement of Apt in Vaucluse, a certain proprietor's landed fortune consisted of eight “parcels” or lots worth \$1,200, some of which were 800 feet long, but only 10 feet wide—too narrow for the working of beasts. Frequently the proprietor of one of these parcels is compelled to lease enough more from his neighbors to enable him to use a plough on his own and to raise a few head of stock. The result is a widespread condition of poverty on the part of this class. It has been calculated, says M. Jannet, that more than half (*la forte moitié*) of the small French proprietors have an income of less than \$16. For all such, compulsory division means selling out to the sheriff; and, in fact, there are in France 8,500 auction sales of this kind every year. In 1865, 937 sales of property, worth \$100 or less, produced \$51,800, while the costs amounted to \$64,000; and 1,382 sales of property, worth from \$100 to \$200, produced \$207,700, at a cost of \$100,000. In the unfertile and hilly regions of the Basses-Alpes, the *partage forcé*, when carried out, results in depopulation. “Estates, becoming too scanty to sustain a family, are converted into commons, or abandoned to the devastation of the torrents,” and, while the territory thus grows poorer and poorer, the taxes grow heavier and heavier, since the official appraisal remains unaltered. The final issue of this state of things is that the land put up at auction is either bid in by small proprietors anxious to enlarge their insignificant domain—in which case the value of the land to the State is enhanced by the very fierceness of this wretched competition—or by capitalists who supplant the small proprietor with the small farmer.

What becomes of the families whose ruin is implied in these annual sales? Where there does not exist a normal and periodic emigration (such as is to be found in the Basses-Alpes, for example), “les familles ruinées vont seules grossir la population urbaine.” They flock to the cities, bringing not a fresh, strong, virtuous infusion of country blood, but shiftlessness, despondency, vice, and misery. They furnish the unsettled, discontented, cowardly, and brutal material of which revolutions are bred in France, at once the product and the producers of social disorganization. “In reading over this memoir,” says the author, in his preface to the new edition, “after an interval of four years, I have been struck with the fact that those regions in which the disruption of families was the rule have proved exactly the ones in which the International, and the divers associations of the Radical party, have taken root and spread with the greatest rapidity.” Eighty years ago it would have been possible to make a similar observation with regard to Champagne. Here, as in some other parts of France, the *partage forcé* had long been practised, although in some measure neutralized by other customs; but in the seventeenth century it began to take effect. “The condition of the peasants grew more and more miserable from the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, in contrast with other parts of the country, notably the South and West. Deprived of a sound constitution of the family, they developed secretly the spirit of antagonism, and the Revolution found among them the scene of its earliest violence. They were all the more disposed to make war on the chateaux from the fact that the nobility and the burgesses of the towns had a different law of succession, founded on entail and the right of primogeniture.” In the late war with Germany, “except a few battalions of Mobs in which the sons of ancient families and the sons of peasants joined with a common devotion, the people of the South [in their turn infected by the *partage forcé*] showed none of the patriotic élan of their fathers in previous invasions. Demagogic agitation took the place of it.”

We have touched upon only one of the three evils which M. Jannet endeavors to ascribe to the French law of succession, and our space warns us to be brief. To exhibit the change which is taking place in rural society,

he gives as the original type the *famille souche*, which corresponds as nearly as may be with the American farm life of forty years ago. It supposes the succession to the estate in its entirety of some one of the married children, and the independent establishment of the rest with an allowance. The home thus perpetuated is the refuge of such of the family as meet with misfortune, and the centre of the family traditions and affections. M. Jannet traces all the steps of demoralization by which this kind of family passes into the *famille instable*, without a homestead, without integral transmission, with no strong ties of interest or affection, impatient for a division of the patrimony, and separating carelessly when each has received his portion; living in crowded villages as the centre of the township, and going long distances to till the petty fragment of soil inherited. In so doing, he reveals phases of the domestic relations in rural France which it is hardly too strong to call sordid and repulsive. For instance, a father who, wishing to make provision for his old age, divides his property among his children, instead of leaving it in his will, is often only able to reconcile them to his endowing one with a larger portion than the rest in consideration of that one's receiving his parents into his house. "The extra endowment is not generally included in the son's marriage contract, for fear lest, having an irrevocable right, he neglect to discharge his obligations towards his parents." The *quotité disponible*, out of which the extra endowment is taken, is usually also burdened with the cost of purchasing exemption for the sons from conscription. Since 1855, the average price of exemption has been \$500, a sum large enough to swallow up all the peasant's little economies, to leave no dowry for his daughters, and to render a division in kind inevitable after his death. Long before that, he may have had to endure the sight of his sons "passing their time in the cafés, assured of their future by rights which give them the means of living," and not respecting him "because they perceive that they do not depend on him for a living, and that the future belongs to them." After his death his children become strangers to one another, never so much as dreaming of living together, and neither giving nor expecting mutual aid in reverses. "In this respect the peasants are no whit inferior in selfishness to the bourgeoisie. When the Civil Code laid down the principle of the equal and absolute right of the children to their father's property, at the same time it shattered every bond of solidarity between them; for the moment they no longer owe anything to their common author, but are invested with a personal right which they derive from society, there ceases to be any basis for reciprocal moral obligation. In this manner has the family been 'simplified,' according to the expressive euphemism of a sceptical contemporary."

The mother's fate is decidedly worse than the father's. Before the Revolution she occupied a high position in the family, which continued after the father's death to group itself about her. The Civil Code denies the widow all right, even of simple enjoyment, in her husband's inheritance. This wrong is of course remedied as far as may be in practice, but it has been the potent ally of other influences in degrading woman in the family, both in the relations of wife and of mother. "It should not be overlooked that our modern laws, in suppressing the ancient maxim that *don entre concubins ne vaut*, have given to immoral celibacy just that full and absolute liberty which they refuse to moral and fruitful families." The Civil Code has reinforced this odious distinction in making a large family the dread and penalty of the small husbandman, and in fostering that *stérilité systématique* constantly alluded to in the work before us. Physicians (for example, Bergeret) have borne concurrent testimony with M. Jannet's as to the direct connection between the laws of succession and the deliberate suppression of offspring, and consequent stationariness of the French population. Among those who protest most energetically against this feature of the Civil Code are the newly annexed Savoyards, accustomed to testamentary liberty, and who see their brethren across the Alps under a law (Italian Civil Code of 1866) which leaves one-half of a man's property at his absolute disposal, whatever the number of his children. Such was the liberty also of the people of Nice, who, under the old Sardinian constitutions, could boast of a law, repealed only in 1843, which exempted all Sardinian subjects having twelve legitimate children from all public taxes and burdens, even to customs duties on goods and provisions necessary to the support of their families, during their entire lives. In all the Departments under M. Jannet's consideration, population is shown to be either stationary or retrograde; and as the *partage forcé* is carried to the greatest extent, for obvious reasons, in the most fertile districts, so systematic sterility and its attendant vices there flourish most.

We must forbear discussion of other topics which offer themselves only too freely, simply pointing out the fact that industrial as well as agricultural continuity is hindered by the law of succession. Thus the *partage forcé* is rigorously enforced at Marseilles, and "houses being no longer able to perpetuate themselves under the same firm,

the heads of families liquidate early in order to enjoy their income, and leave their sons without guidance or traditions—a great waste of productive energy." In 1865, 130 eminent Paris merchants petitioned the Senate for some relief from this hardship, and most of the manufacturers' complaints of free trade have made mention of testamentary liberty as one of the chief causes of the superiority of English industries, and the ground of protection for the French. Unhappily for the cause of free trade, its application has brought the vast agriculture of Hungary and Russia into competition with the disorganized and hand-to-mouth cultivation of France, and naturally the French mind has looked to barring out the intruder rather than to improving what is defective in the native system.

It cannot be denied that if all this has much to teach us concerning the hidden causes of French decadence, it has also more than one moral which we may take home to ourselves. We see in it an act of special legislation, properly so-called in its inception, involving a thousand consequences never imagined by its authors—enfeeblement of the "spirit of devotion and discipline, of patriotism and social stability, of race-fecundity and colonizing expansion, of agricultural [and industrial] prosperity": an act in the interest of civil equality bearing most heavily upon the humbler and poorer classes; or, in the interest of human equality, debasing the woman without elevating the man: an act to prevent unnatural treatment of children by their parents, producing equally unnatural treatment of parents by their children; and, to promote family attachment, producing only selfishness and dispersion: an act to keep the rich from getting richer, only serving to make the poor poorer, and destroying the provincial nobility without substituting for it corresponding virtues and traditions: a well-meaning act, whose dreadful consequences have lain concealed for nearly three-quarters of a century. We cannot help, too, comparing one of these consequences—the transformation of the *famille souche* into the *famille instable*—with a like process that has been going on under our own eyes. With us it is a healthy development instead of an organic decay; yet we cannot but regret the gradual disappearance of those foci of our early civilization which once made New England blossom like the rose, which bred the men of the Revolution, and which, maintained in the same line from generation to generation while still sending forth the pioneers of Western settlement and discovery, have one by one succumbed to the railroad, the telegraph, and the power-loom.

THE MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

"THE *Buccaneer*," the best known though not the best poem of Mr. Richard Henry Dana's, is brought to the knowledge of this generation of American readers by the October *Harper's*, in which it is republished with illustrations. We hope it may send its admirers to Mr. Dana's modest volume of prose and verse, full of genuine sentiment, thoughtful reflection, and, now and again, poetical imaginativeness, which the occasional quaintness of external dress cannot conceal. Indeed, this occasional quaintness, as of bygone fashion, while it will strike the casual reader of Mr. Dana's works more readily than his solidly valuable qualities of sense, delicate sensibility, masculine vigor, and cultivated restraint, is very much more than overbalanced by these qualities. The newspapers and modern poets are making worse prose-writers and verse-writers and worse men and women than if the poem of "The Beach Bird," and that upon the Chamber called Peace, and the criticism on Kean's acting, were familiar to the students of Swinburne, Buchanan, and Miller, the magazines and the campaign press. We have not at hand any edition of "The *Buccaneer*" later than that of 1833, and it may have been earlier than this summer that Mr. Dana has made in the poem some changes which we have noted as we re-read it. They are all comparatively slight, and all seem to us to be improvements. Apart from its intrinsic merits, "The *Buccaneer*" and its companion pieces are worth the attention of their new readers as forming a literary monument of interest. Mr. Dana, born in 1785, is almost the Nestor of American literature, and was among the earliest of our poets to make a reputation which has proved worthy to endure. One smiles a little to see how Miss Edgeworth, and Cowper, and Crabbe, and Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Monk Lewis, perhaps, and Byron, had their effect on these productions, with their heroes and heroines of sentiments so just and elegant, or of a gloom of soul so maddening, but in either case of conversational habits so overpowering; and no doubt "The *Buccaneer*" might have been different—the spectre horse not weird in just this way, nor the poem in such jeopardy from the bathetic as now it sometimes appears to be—had "Peter Bell" and "The Ancient Mariner" not been written. But, on the other hand, the author's style shows that his studies had not been confined to contemporary English, great geniuses as were Mr. Southey and Lord Jeffrey; and he does not long leave the reader without proof of his individual independence, while the native powers of his mind and the qualities of his heart secure for him his reader's respect and

liking, and for the reader a certain and sensible profit. The essay on domestic life, for instance, cannot be read without giving real pleasure, nor without inspiring a kindness and esteem for the author.

Hawthorne is another of our old-time authors who appear in this month's *Harper's*; but it is not so much in his own person that he appears as in reminiscences of him by another, and still more in biographical details, which are well enough known to make a skipping reader the best reader of the article. There is, however, part of a letter or two of Hawthorne's. In one of them he advises the writer, who is seeking a place in the New York Custom-house, to exercise on the Washington politicians his power of hard drinking, as they all guzzle brandy in great quantities, but tells him that he must by no means "let them see you cornered." He remarks, too, "when applying for an office, if you are conscious of any deficiencies (moral, intellectual, or educational, or whatever else), keep them to yourself, and let those find them out whose business it may be." This was jocosely meant, no doubt; but, morality and self-respect apart, it was not bad advice as things went in Pierce's day. After all, the former days were not so much better than these.

The Hawthorne article, like "The Buccaneer," is illustrated—the former by a portrait which will make the original turn in his grave; and there are, besides these, two or three other articles with pictures, one being descriptive of the New York Harbor Police, and another of a trip down the Danube. Following these are chapters of fiction by Miss Thackeray, Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and a lively person who writes "A Short Story for Gentlemen." Mr. Reade is not shining with great lustre in this first portion of his "Simpleton." The evils of tight lacing are his theme so far; and he shows in the usual degree his well-known and unrivalled power of nudging the reader in the ribs and turning the female heart inside out and back again while the reader is saying Jack Robinson. We do not know what writer should be at the same time more exasperating and more amusing to women of sense, or indeed to the other kind of women. Mr. Collins's story is to be about a woman of ill repute who wishes to get back into good standing, and who to that end takes upon herself the name, clothes, and "antecedents" of a lady whom she sees killed before her eyes on a battle-field of Eastern France. The lady is not killed, however, but only wounded in some impossible manner, and is cured by one of the miraculous German surgeons who perform the impossible sort of cures. "It will be seen," the advertisements say, "that the story will be one of thrilling interest." For the rest, *Harper's* contains the third part of the "Recollections of an Old Stager," who gives us some anecdotes about Webster, John Quincy Adams, and the forgotten George Evans of Maine; the fifth part of Señor Castelar's account of "The Republican Movement in Europe"; and some poetry, among which is an "improvisation" by Mr. Bayard Taylor:

"Fondle me, Lalage!
Girl of the soft white hand,
Girl of the low white brow
And the roseate bosom band;
Bloom from an orchard bough
Less downy soft than thou,
Lalage!"

There are two other stanzas, each as good as this one.

Mr. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, a Norwegian gentleman now resident in this country, contributes to the *Atlantic* a translation of another Norwegian lyric as pleasing as its predecessor, which he gave to the magazine two or three months ago. This "Thoralf Synnöv" is plainly not an "improvisation," though it may well be imagined that it has been made without difficulty, as certainly it can be read with ease and with delight. Our young friends Lalage and Synnöv differ somewhat as regards lissomeness, or, as one might say, as regards wooden stiffness:

"Then it was last St. John's Eve—I remember it so well,
And we had lit a bonfire in a grass-grown little dell,
And all the lads and maidens were seated in a ring,
And some were telling stories and the rest were listening.

"Till up sprang little Synnöv, and she sang a stave as clear
As the skylark's earliest greeting in the morning of the year;
And I—I hardly knew myself, but up they saw me dart,
For every note of Synnöv's went straight into my heart.

"And like the rushing torrents that from the glaciers flow,
And down into the sunny bays their icy waters throw,
He streamed my heavy bass-notes through the forests far and wide,
And Synnöv's treble rocked like a feather on the tide.

"And little Synnöv," sang I, "thou art good and very fair,"
"And little Thoralf," sang she, "of what you say beware," etc., etc.

Surely a natural sweetness and freshness and sincerity like this of Thoralf and Synnöv might well be sought in exchange for all the art about which we hear so much talk from various manufacturers of verses. Usually it is as if an automaton-maker should lecture us from among his wood and leather about sculpturing or child-bearing. It is but a poor escape from the

"materialism of American life" that leads us to an "art" which holds us off from all the realities of existence and tries to content us with a carved toy, surface polished and meaningless, except that it is so far from being "utilitarian" that it is utterly inutile for any and every human purpose. That we should be much engrossed by ledgers and newspapers and politics may be bad or may be good; on the other hand, to go with Mr. Boker and call "trade" "hell's minion," and make "La'lages," and call the making of them anything worth doing, is beyond peradventure bad. Fighting for "art" and "culture" with weapons like that very much resembles the course of the unarmed Arab when he suddenly meets a lion; it is said that, being unarmed, the friend of culture talks nonsense to the beast in a temperate voice, as empty of feeling as his words are empty of sense, until by-and-by the lion, his surprise overcome, eats the improvisator, and waits for his own defeat and death to come from some more sensible and forcible quarter.

Mr. Parton's "Jefferson" continues to be as readable as ever, though as was to have been expected, it is the writing of a partisan, and of a very intrepid propounder of *obiter dicta*. Here for instance are two or three sentences remarkable for what they assert, and perhaps more remarkable for what they omit to say; but Mr. Parton rattles them off as glibly as if there had been no long and difficult and splendidly successful *Alabama* diplomacy carried on abroad between 1861 and 1865; as if there could have been a more favorable set of circumstances for acquiring temporary distinction than surrounded Mr. Washburne during the Franco-German war; or as if it were Franklin's stockings that determined the action of France against England during our Revolution. "We have had, however," says Mr. Parton, "besides a large number of respectable ministers in the ordinary way, those whose opportunity was at once immense and unique—Franklin, Jefferson, and Washburne—and each of these proved equal to his opportunity." Mr. Washburne certainly behaved with commendable industry, energy, and hospitality on the conspicuous stage of Paris besieged; but it will be a singular historian of those times who shall speak of him as having advanced the credit of American diplomacy. It is such slapdash talk as this of Mr. Parton's that confounds solid merit and real services with merit far less solid or even with stupid demerit, and makes it harder for real fame to make head against flashy notoriety.

Other contents of the *Atlantic* are, "L'Ore, the Slave of a Siamese Queen," by Mrs. Leonowens, which is another leaf from that lady's chronicle of the harem, and very striking it is; Mrs. Agassiz describes a glacier in the Straits of Magellan, discovered when the *Hessler* was in those waters with her exploring party; "Guest's Confession," by Mr. Harry James, begins; "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" goes on, with its usual fine, full boarding-house flavor, and some remarks which will lead the unarboricultural reader to suppose white pine to be better timber than pitch pine; "The Comedy of Terrors" is dull as ever; there is poetry by Marian Douglas, Lucy Larcom, and Bayard Taylor, and there is a full allowance of literary and other criticism. As for the latter, we find something graceful in the art-critic's retirement from the discussion of Ward's Shakespeare statue, though he leaves us in doubt whether he still holds that there were in Elizabethan times two Shakespeares, a "real" and an "ideal," the former of whom Mr. Ward has represented; and whether he thinks there is great advantage in raising statues to the "real" Shakespeare, of whom we know next to nothing, rather than to the "ideal" Shakespeare, the poet, of whom we may say we know everything. We are pleased, too, at the writer's new interest in ethnology and the muscular system of savages. We have little time for conning our own former expressions, and it is pleasant to be reminded that our notions of Indian structure are the same to-day that they were when "The Indian Hunter" was first exhibited, though we may have made progress since then in the matter of exacting accuracy about such things in works of art. It may be worth while to point out to the writer that had he found more essential discrepancy than he did when he avoided the main issue and fell to collating our criticisms of five or six years ago with those of last month, he would still have been engaged in a profitless sort of argumentation.

The literary critic's quotation from Sainte-Beuve of a remark that no one makes a real book nowadays, suggests a question which it might be profitable to investigate, namely, How many of the really great and influential books of the world's literature have been designed and written as "books," in the sense in which men of letters and literary artists use the term? Shakespeare deliberately made "books" in the favorite fashion of the court, and predicted immortality for his "sugred sonnets," while the works which gave his comrades their bread and meat, and himself his, and his immortality, went to probable oblivion almost utterly unregarded by him. No literary artist working as such made the books of the Hebrew Scriptures; nor the books of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; nor those of the Koran. The books made not as books, but as a means to an end, and an end not intrinsically literary, might probably be proved to be

in the majority of those which have exercised supreme literary influence, literary and otherwise. The subject becomes a close and practical one when we either seek a measure for the value of literary performances or a guide to the best means of accomplishing the best results in literature.

Of the *Atlantic's* poetry, other than Mr. Boyesen's, there is need only of saying that Miss Lucy Larcom, who did well in her early poem of "Hannah at the Window," and who, since then, has produced nothing above a rather common level, has in this month's poem of "Phœbe" nearly or quite equalled her former self. "Phœbe" has not the pathos of the other poem, but it is very engaging and pretty; it is completely and definitely conceived, and it is well finished. "Penn Calvin" is one of those "liberal" grapplings with "creeds" which, twenty years ago, would have rolled up the eyes of the sewing circles, and made the author suspected of "deism"; nowadays the sages and pundits of the lecture-platform have so accustomed the Dorcas Societies to advanced thought of the profoundest kind, that the philosopher who says that God is good; that babes in arms do not go to hell; that there is good in human nature as well as a saving power in grace, is safe anywhere, and may be tolerant to any extent; while everybody of a certain age will admit his depth, nobody will seek his life. Indeed, we expect to see the thing so well understood in two or three years' time that no one will seek even his biography.

The most interesting article in the *Galaxy* is by Mr. Albert Stickney, who hits hard at Mr. Jeremiah Black and Mr. David Dudley Field, having the fear of neither of those gentlemen before his eyes, as indeed we do not know why he should. Both of them Mr. Stickney charges with perversion of the truth, and as one story is good till another is told, and sometimes after the other is told, we shall wait till Mr. Field and Mr. Black attempt reply before disbelieving that Mr. Stickney has left his antagonists in a position which nothing but custom and practice could make agreeable.

"Our Consul at Jerusalem," by Mr. Albert Rhodes, is not about any particular consul there, nor indeed is it very much about anything or anybody else, but it may be read. "The Fellowship of Music," by Dr. T. M. Coan, is a clever essay, showing widely cultivated tastes, tracing as it does with particularity the interdependence of the various arts, and particularly the relationship which music bears to each of them and to the human mind. "Royal Exiles and Imperial Parvenus" is by an English lady who, before she was in a manner banished to this country, was familiar in noble and royal circles, and who fairly well avails herself of her opportunity to make articles having interest. As much can also be said for the writer of the paper on the late Mr. Hackett, the actor, who appears in a very good light indeed, though what is said is but fragmentary. Mr. Trollope's "Eustace Diamonds" appears to be no nearer conclusion than at any time within three months, and we suspect the hero and heroines may be getting ready to be drawn, like Lily Dale and John Eames, through several more novels.

Bismarck's attack upon the German Jesuits takes up sixteen pages of this month's *Catholic World*. The writer says he cannot help laughing when he hears Bismarck protesting, "as a Protestant and an Evangelical Christian," against the pretensions of the Pope. The height of solemn farce, he thought to himself, when he read the protest, had now been reached, and the words reminded him of "one Oliver Cromwell, who, in common with a well-known kinsman of his, had a knack of citing Scripture for his purpose"—the kinsman in question being the devil, no doubt. But why so atrocious a man as Bismarck should not almost as a matter of course be so atrocious a thing as an Evangelical Protestant, the writer does not make plain. What else was to have been expected of his inborn villany and hatred of truth than that they should inevitably make of him a Protestant and an Evangelical? No one would suppose, to read the *Catholic World*, that Bismarck found the Jesuits and the Alt-Katholik party in a savage fight, and was in a manner compelled to take a hand in it. The fact is, the Jesuits are in the van of the uncompromising Roman Catholic Church party; they act upon the theory which other Catholics, with more or less sensible illogicality, do not and will not act upon, and endeavor to secure for "God" the absolute control of this world—government, education, what not. As most men are willing that God should rule the world, but define the term "God" in a way different from that of the followers of Loyola, the latter once in so often come to grief. Their fight with the German Reichstag is not the first instance in which too much logic and various forms of energetic action have brought them in contact with "the world," and it will, no doubt, not be the last. The Society of Jesus we are not done with yet, we may depend.

Scribner's has a "Letter to a Young Journalist, whose Education has been Neglected," a person who is getting a good deal of attention just now, and perhaps this advice of "W. P. A.'s" is as likely to be of service as most that is said to him. "What you may or may not have lost by not going to college," says "W. P. A.," "is this—direct contact with the powerful and well-trained mind of a competent living teacher, one who has

both a perfect grasp and a living interest in his subject." But this is not all; nor half; nor a third. Doubtless there are as able men out of college as in it, and some of the ablest men in this country, as elsewhere, have been men self-trained, or rather trained by some exacting profession, liberal or other. But for the average man the average college does very much in many ways—by letting him come under the influence of several able men; make the acquaintance of the most favored of his contemporaries; learn how much they know; learn something of his own limitations; get a fair view of what there is to be known in the various fields of knowledge; and perhaps learn the great lesson of how to study. The tone of this letter, as regards the opponent and adversary, smacks not so much of the ideal young journalist whose education has been neglected, as of the actual young journalist, we fear. "Pigheaded doctrinaire," "knavish demagogue," "pretentious twaddler," are hardly the terms to which the tender journalist should be accustomed by his preceptors, even when abstract persons and not persons in the flesh get the benefit of them. The mere show and imitation of blood rouses the young lion.

"Ernst of Edelsheim" is some verses by Mr. John Hay, with a clever turn to them at the last; "Mr. Beecher as a Social Force" seems to us a good magazine article; and there are many other papers which keep *Scribner's* for October, like its brethren, of an even goodness without much that shows above the general surface as excellent.

A well illustrated article, entitled "From Lake Superior to Puget Sound," opens *Lippincott's*, with some pages which are sufficiently readable, we dare say—though we will confess for our own part that while we cannot be said to abhor the very thought of reading sketches of travel in America, we are not so fond of them either that we read any of them when we can help it. We speak of sketches of travel in America written by Americans; written by the foreigner they are another thing. Though for that matter, we are becoming so respectable, and populous, and so much bigger than any other people that the charm of the foreign tourist's volume is rapidly disappearing. The late Mr. Tuckerman collected his volume of the British traveller's abuse and the Gaul's philosophy not a moment too soon. "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" widens the breach between Miss Bell and Mr. Arthur, who in these last chapters continues his misbehavior, and of whom we suppose most of Mr. Black's male readers are not now so jealous as they are of the young German—or Dutchman, as the term of reproach goes. "Mr. Twitchell's Inventions" is an amusing enough story of a kind that we should like to see commoner in the magazines; the writer on the art galleries of Philadelphia speaks this month of Mr. Henry C. Carey's *Maclises*, *Stanfields*, *Pynes*, *Leslies*, *Eastlakes*, and *Morlands*; Lady Blanche Murphy writes about her picture gallery, the article consisting of some photographic remarks upon noted persons of whom she has seen something—*Cartoryskis*, *Stuarts* of the exiled line, the late Lord Derby; an old Etonian writes about Eton and his school days there; and besides these articles there are half a dozen more of the usual kind, which certainly is a good kind, as American and English monthly magazines go, and with a distinctive flavor not possessed by all our magazines.

RECENT NOVELS.

A NOVEL in which almost everybody is moral, the heroine an Ultramontane Catholic with some of the instincts of a saint, and the hero a free-thinker, converted through love, is a curious thing to get from a man who afterwards wrote "Camors." It is an interesting story, nevertheless, skilfully told, and put into very readable English by its present translator. Sybille herself is a unique creation—not because she is either lifelike or possible, for we imagine her to be neither, but because M. Feuillel seems to have tried his hand at making in her an incipient saint. To be a saint he has understood that one loves God exclusively; and in his effort to combine an exclusive love for God with an absorbing passion for a man, he has produced a character which throws a good deal of light upon his own motives and mental processes, but which has no consistency nor possibility. On its face it is a very simple, pretty, religious little tale, but it has a taint of insin-

* "The Story of Sybille. By Octave Feuillel, author of 'The Romance of a Poor Young Man.' Translated from the French by M. H. T." Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

* "A Waiting Race. By Edmund Yates." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

* "The End of the World. A Love Story. By Edward Eggleston, author of 'The Hoosier Schoolmaster.' With thirty-two illustrations." New York: Orange Judd & Co. 1872.

* "Olive Varcoe. By Francis Derrick." Loring: Boston.

* "Clara Vaughan. By R. D. Blackmore. 2 vols." Berlin: A. Asher & Co. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

* "Ebb-Tide and Other Stories. By Christian Reid." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

* "Ethel Mildmay's Follies. By the author of 'Petite's Romance.'" Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

* "Love and Valor. By Tom Hood." Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

* "Glitter and Gold. By Horace Field, B.A., author of 'Herolem,' etc." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872.

cerity throughout which would be as perceptible were the novel an anonymous one as it is when it bears the name of M. Feuilleton.

"A Waiting Race," by Mr. Edmund Yates, has been republished by the Messrs. Appleton, and will have a greater run than it deserves. This it is safe to say, because it ought to have no run at all. The story is an extremely unpleasant one, told in a jaunty way about lords and ladies, and exposing the hideous plagues that rage beneath a gorgeous exterior. Society is taken severely to task, and it is so fully proved that fashionable women will run away from their husbands, and that blue blood is probably bad blood, that the heart of the true republican beats with pride as he reads so searching an exposure of the aristocracy of England. There is nothing more than this in the novel, absolutely nothing. It simply reminds us of what one might imagine to be the work of a chastened "Ouida," who is not quivering with passion or appetite, but simply giving us full information about the ways and manners of her betters. That such books should be written and read enables one to understand the grounds old-fashioned people take against the reading of fiction, and, indeed, seems to remind one that time rolls on, and that one is rapidly getting to be old-fashioned one's self.

It is a pleasure to turn from such a novel to so simple-minded and innocent a story as Mr. Eggleston's "End of the World," which is announced on the title-page to be a love story, but which is much more and much better in its way than that. There are the young man and the young woman who are persecuted and separated by heartless parents; they also add to their sufferings by misunderstanding one another; there is the fever, which is epidemic with heroes, although in this case it is not the consequence of a fall from a horse in front of the heroine's house; and finally, of course, they are married. This is all told pleasantly enough, and in a way which every one will be glad to see in a story which does not pretend to any deep searching of the human heart, but which will, we have no doubt, be very popular among people who do not read most of the best and a multitude of the worst novels every year. But better than that, to our thinking, is the greater novelty of the scene to which the author introduces us, and the amusing people—Second Adventists, Western Methodist exhorters, confidence-men, and so forth—whom he has sketched in a very lifelike way. The plot of the story is certainly hackneyed, but there is considerable freshness in the telling of it, and, above all, the author deserves praise for the good-nature and cheerfulness, and the lack of false sentiment, which together make the story better than would its literary merits alone.

"Olive Varcoe," on the other hand, takes us back into the familiar paths of fiction, only they are in this case a trifle more winding than usual. How far it may be taken as a picture of life, and as conveying a moral to a docile world, we can judge from this outline: Olive Varcoe, the heroine, who is the daughter of an Eastern merchant and a favorite slave whom he had married, is the second cousin of two brothers, one of whom is engaged to an English girl of the ordinary type. Olive, with her mixed blood, used to indulge in "inventions, Eastern fashion, with an adroitness and skill that oftentimes amused her English opponents." These amusing inventions, however, were not a supplementary volume of the "Arabian Nights," but falsehoods which "did not disgust, as they were mostly so un-English, so removed from mere vulgar lying, having in them a keen jest, a spice of romance, or a touch of Eastern malice." She also smokes, flirts violently, and shows a bad temper, and when a murder happens to be committed, and that, too, of an odious rival, suspicion naturally falls on her rather than on the others; but the moral is a condemnation of hasty judgments. Of course we shall not betray the author's secret—the name of the real murderer—in which lies really all the interest that the story has.

Those whose thirst for blood is aroused by this tale may perhaps allay it by reading Mr. Blackmore's "Clara Vaughan," a revised edition of a story that he wrote about twenty years ago. Why it should not have been left to rest in its grave does not to us clearly appear. It is the story of a young woman who was insane during her childhood, and who devotes those years that most of her sex spend in frivolous amusement, self-adornment, and the pursuit of pleasure, to the cultivation of a surly temper and the search of her father's murderer. As most girls' fathers die natural deaths, this book will probably have but little influence either for good or bad, and even if all fathers perished beneath assassins' knives, we can hardly expect to have our police force, whatever may be its efficiency, replaced by the young women who now are preparing for this winter's parties. It is a dull story; one of the most amusing things about it is the careful and tolerably accurate imitation of a young woman's literary style—a task of which, whatever the difficulty, the praise need not be exorbitant, we suppose.

In spite of one little flash of horror in one of the shorter tales, Miss Reid, the author of "Ebb Tide," deals with nothing more deadlier than the flash of beautiful eyes. Her novel is decidedly a "novel of society," and is very readable as such novels go. She has certainly the merit of making her men

and women talk like people of good breeding, although it must be said that they all lack the cool composure which is supposed to belong exclusively to the worldling; but then it is only beneath the mighty impulse of the tender passion that they ever speak at all. The longer novel from which the volume takes its name is, perhaps, the best; but there is no one of the shorter tales that is without merit. If this author would look to something higher than the flirtations on hotel piazzas, there would seem to be no reason why she should not write something much better, something of more real interest. She has the merit of availing many of the mistakes that are made by the majority of novelists upon such themes, and, apparently, she is capable of seeing and describing much more genuine passion than the rather trivial manifestations of it which form the only subjects of this volume. At any rate, one is justified in hoping for something better, for this is good of its kind.

"Ethel Mildmay's Follies" were very much like the follies of a good many other young women, inasmuch as she insisted on flirting with the wrong man against the advice of all her family. By-and-by, however, the right man comes along, Miss Ethel sees the error of her ways, and with rare wisdom takes up with what we may call the Original Jacobs, or true genuine hero. It certainly is not a story that it is absolutely essential for any one to read who is struggling to get an education, but for a rainy day, an idle hour, it may serve to pass away the time.

"Love and Valor" is another novel of about the same merit. It is put together without much naturalness, there are scenes of college life, of service in the army, of the work of a clergyman, etc., but there is no real interest in the story—it simply belongs to a never-ending sort of novel, and is quite as good as most of its kind.

Mr. Field says in his preface, and says it in a way that well enough illustrates his manner of writing throughout his work: "The imperial crown I could not help weaving for Christ with the busy fingers of both day and night, seemed but a weeping tribute if I could not twine amid its sprays emblems of an outer as well as of an inner power; and in the search for the social leaves of an eternal green I needed, no course appeared so full of promise and so attractive as to follow the imaginary history of a seeker after God planted amid our social conditions, and observe whither he was led." If any reader finds this passage stilted in expression and doubtful in meaning, we can only advise him not to attempt following Mr. Field through the cumbersome pages of the novel in which he tries to unfold his social and religious theories. He believes in co-operation as a remedy for most social evils, and seems to have strong Swedenborgian tendencies—his faith in himself is above all things staunch and unwavering. But he is a most tedious novelist, whether it is the invention of machines that occupies him or the prayerful love-making of his hero and heroine. Ernest and Grace are assuredly prigs of the first water, and even the latter's bedridden condition fails to reconcile us to her. When Ernest stoops over her couch of pain and imprints his first kiss upon her lips—a long kiss, Mr. Field says, which satisfied Grace thoroughly—and then after a moment's silence tells her that he "feels moved to prayer," and getting down on his knees buries his head in her gown, and extemporizes a prayer in Mr. Field's best style, to which Grace responds at short intervals with the "Agnus Dei," we confess to emotions which are not sympathetic. Mr. Field may possibly be capable of writing "dear little books"—an "American Metaphysician" whose opinion of him is printed with that of others on the fly-leaves of his present novel says so—but this is not a dear little book.

Man in the Past, Present, and Future. A Popular Account of the Results of Recent Scientific Research. From the German of Dr. L. Büchner, by W. S. Dallas, F.L.S. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1872. 8vo, pp. 363.)—Dr. Büchner, owing to his zealous propaganda of materialism, has, we believe, become the bugaboo of many a pious German household. Having read nothing of his since the earlier editions of "Kraft und Stoff," which displayed, if we remember aright, a certain crudity and violence of anti-theologic fervor, we confess that the calm and sober, not to say dull, tone of this last treatise has rather disappointed us. There is one set of comic verses upon the Kantian *Ding an sich*, and Christianity gets an occasional passing sneer, but, on the whole, the book contains little but facts and reasonings, and is a good example of German doughtiness and intellectual conscientiousness in a rather unimaginative mind. The first part, "Our Origin," treats of the late discoveries in human archaeology. The second, "What are we?" has for its object to fill up the chasm between us and the brutes, physically and mentally. They are good and readable compilations, showing abundant familiarity with the authorities. The third part, "Where are we Going?" is more original, and awakens more our curiosity. Poor theology stands to-day so inoffensive, that for a man purely and simply to hate her argues a certain hardness of heart or suggests intellectual anachronism—

"survival" from those earlier generations when she wore teeth and claws and carried fagots, and when Voltaire could with reason retort upon some one who complained that his polemic was too purely negative: "Quoi! je vous délivre d'une bête féroce, et vous me demandez par quoi je la remplace!" Now that it seems certain that an era of positivism or pure naturalism is before us, to endure no one can say how long, and to absorb no one can say how many of the most honest minds and generous hearts; and while so many of these are at this moment dropping their hands and submitting to it, though they find no cheer in it, when we see a writer who behaves as if it were a sort of gospel, it is natural to turn and enquire of him how he feels about it—what sort of an emotional synthesis the new conception of the world yields him, to take the place of the old notion of an absolute better or worse, and of that good purpose in things to believe in which may practically reconcile us to the evil by which it is being bought. Such a writer as Mr. John Morley has a very strong dose of what we may call positivistic emotion, and can kindle it in the reader. But Dr. Büchner, sharing the same general set of opinions, urges them with a more drily logical energy:

"A perfectly purposeless co-operation of causes" has led to the birth of man. He has therefore no one to thank for his existence, and must seek its purpose only in himself and in his own welfare. . . . Existence is everywhere and in every condition or moment of its happening its own object. Man is here, simply to be here! . . . If we wish to find the true destiny of man, we must turn away from the general notion implied in the word 'destiny,' . . . and seek the purpose of his existence in himself and in his relations to his surroundings, just in the same way that existence in general also cannot be conceived with reference to any purpose lying outside of it, but is merely existence for its own sake, and therefore at every moment fulfils its destiny or purpose—if we choose to make use of the essentially unphilosophic notion of destiny or purpose at all."

The only Providence for man is thus man himself, and philanthropy becomes his ideal motive and pursuit. "His natural destiny can never be attained by him so long as he, like the animals, feels only as an individual being, and carries on his struggle for existence upon his own account alone, and guided by mere personal or egotistic motives. . . . The individual is all that he can be only in and with humanity at large, or by its means, and his endeavors after personal happiness are therefore most intimately connected with the striving of mankind in general after prosperity and progress." The feeling of dignity which this consciousness of his sole responsibility carries with it is the only sentimental resource of positivism as against theism; while its declaration that man's sympathies are concerned solely with what is human, and that the universe at large may be regarded as a strictly foreign and ever-hostile nature with which, in itself, he has no concern, may be considered to offer something of the cosy distinctness of the older faiths to those minds who find something dreary in the spaciousness of pantheistic modes of feeling.

Our author does not dwell much on these sentimental generalities, but proceeds to their practical application. Of course, where there seems a conflict of things desirable, his philosophy decides in favor of the more obvious material and immediate good. And herein we see its danger. Historical students who reflect on the subtle and roundabout ways by which the things we most prize have been developed for our use, mistrust schemes for renovating society which are too simply rational. Clear-sightedness may be short-sightedness. And any theory which, like positivism, makes the mere mitigation of all suffering as such its paramount end, runs the risk of missing those noblest outgrowths of the mind which, as they have been conditioned upon suffering in the past, may be expected in the future to retain the same incomprehensible relations with it. This objection would of course only apply to Dr. Büchner's practical faith if it were a reigning doctrine. As an influence in the body social, we believe it to have the highest value. His final preferences evidently are towards communism. Meanwhile, his watchword is the equalization of every one's chances at the outset of life; and its corollaries are republicanism, abolition of land tenure, abridgment of right to bequeath, state education instead of family education, adoption by society of all incapables, legal restriction of hours of labor, abolition of artificial hindrances to female activity, encouragement of marriage, freedom of divorce, and extinction of supernatural religion. These topics are discussed in a sober enough style, but much too superficially to render the work of any value except perhaps that of exciting some one's interest in them. While the rather ponderous Teutonicism of the style considerably diminishes the chances of this, as far as English readers are concerned, the translator's task has not been very delicately performed; and a certain uncouthness in the whole work forbids us to predict for it that wide effect among half-educated but hard-headed proletarians which a finer and abler treatment would surely have procured for it.

The Chandler Elements of Drawing. Introductory to Drawing, Art, and Taste. By John S. Woodman, Dartmouth College, Chand. Sci. Dept.

(Boston: Ginn Bros.)—We turn over with gloomy fears the pages of this little drawing-book, notwithstanding the alleviating fact that its author is no more, and therefore powerless as an operative leader. It is because his labors were in their time "faithful and most successful," and are "highly appreciated by many classes of pupils," that we apprehend mischief. We admit the advantage of system in every kind of teaching, and are ready to own that even Raphael's disciples and Rubens's disciples would have done more if they had labored under military drill. But it is refining upon refinement, as we think, to adjust whole classes to the swing of the pendulum or the sound of music, set them to drawing imperceptible lines with imaginary pencils in concert, and in these exercises accustom them to use the left hand as well as the right. Such is the beginning of Professor Woodman's method; but a real implement is soon put into the disciple's hand, the one specially favored being a wooden rod, sharpened like a lead pencil, and dipped into ink; with this, or some other tool of a nobly primitive kind, the class may, in due time, make out the figures of vases and other objects by arranging little dots and crosses in those shapes, on the principle on which the celestial birds and roses are built up of angels in the vision of the *Commedia*. This rather Dautean revel may be celebrated as it proceeds with a chorus or psalm sung by the master and his pupils. "The teacher asks the question, 'What are you trying to learn?' repeating it aloud every ten measures in an abbreviated form—'Trying to learn?' The class respond distinctly and aloud in concert." While still concerned in these elemental gymnastics, the children are trained in their poetical powers. They spend "two or three minutes" every day in drawing outlines of some "ennobling ideal," such as "the lily, the vase, George Washington, the Christian maiden or matron" (she is pressing her hands to her cheek, and in the copy, owing to the limitations of the engraver's art, suggests nothing more ennobling than toothache). These three-minute flights into the realm of fancy may be carried out with pencil, chalk, or more romantically "in the sand," and their practice is "equivalent, in art or taste, to the daily repetition of the words of some noble maxim." To think of this system as in active operation under the roofs of schools and colleges is to contemplate a pitiful era of futile slavery. It is only fair to judge the trainer by his fruits. We shall look with hopefulness upon the Woodman method when we begin to see throngs of flashing-eyed youths moving forth from Dartmouth to execute pictures with both hands simultaneously, and witch the world with the practice of art and music together. We cherish our doubt, because in our experience of schools we have never known fruitful results obtained in any such way. Practitioners who reach success are evidently those who use incessant application, but who enslave themselves to ideas, not to gymnastics. Order and system, it is true, ought to be enforced in schools, and in classes of idlers who prosecute art as an accomplishment; but the teacher should not forget, in his pedagogic yearning for class-manœuvre, that the notable art-schools are simply battle-grounds, where order wins the day, and the weak and lazy go under. Elaborate forcing systems cannot prevent the ultimate survival of the fittest, and it is a wrong direction taken when we try to impel the incompetent by entangling them in a monstrous machine. Even in industrial art, which is the great need of an infant manufacturing country like ours, and towards which Professor Woodman's method seems to point, we think success will be gained when the scholar is allowed to choose freely among splendid, attractive, and ample sets of models. The stimulus of a pupil's taste, and the development of his idiosyncrasy, must be allied with his studious application and his bondage to fundamental principles. To reach this awakening point, it will help him but little that he has been trying to make himself ambidextrous. It is only a miserable sight to watch professors beating their brains and coming out with violently original methods, then to see pupils chaining themselves to these wild inventions, and drawing pictures in dumb-show to piano-music amid the ecstasy of visiting committees.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.

Publishers.—Prices.

Chapman (Dr. H. C.), Evolution of Life.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)	
Chardanel (C. A.), French Exercises for Advanced Pupils, new ed.	(C. W. Feyer)	
Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Vol. VI.	(Madison)	
De Vere (Prof. M. S.), Romance of American History.	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	\$1 25
Dumas (A.), Adventures of a Marquis, swd.	(F. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 00
Flottingham (R.), Rise of the Republic of the United States (Little, Brown & Co.)		
Lives of Gen. U. S. Grant and Henry Wilson.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 00
Scribner's Monthly, Nov., 1871—Oct., 1872, 2 vols.	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)	
Taylor (B.), Travels in South Africa.		1 50
The Workshop, No. 9, swd.	(E. Steiger)	
Whitney (Prof. W. D.), Oriental and Linguistic Studies.	(Scribner, Armstrong & Co.)	2 50
Why Vote at All in '72? swd.	(G. P. Putnam & Sons)	0 10
Winkler (Dr. A.), Die Deutschen Reichskleinodien, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)	
Wirth (M.), Die Sociale Frage, swd.		
Wood (Mrs. H.), Within the Maze.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.)	1 75
Woodbury (W. H.), Practical Course with the German Language.	(Iverson, Blakeman & Co.)	
Yates (E.) A Waiting Race: A Tale, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.)	0 75

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